

Chronicles

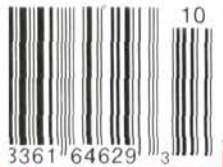
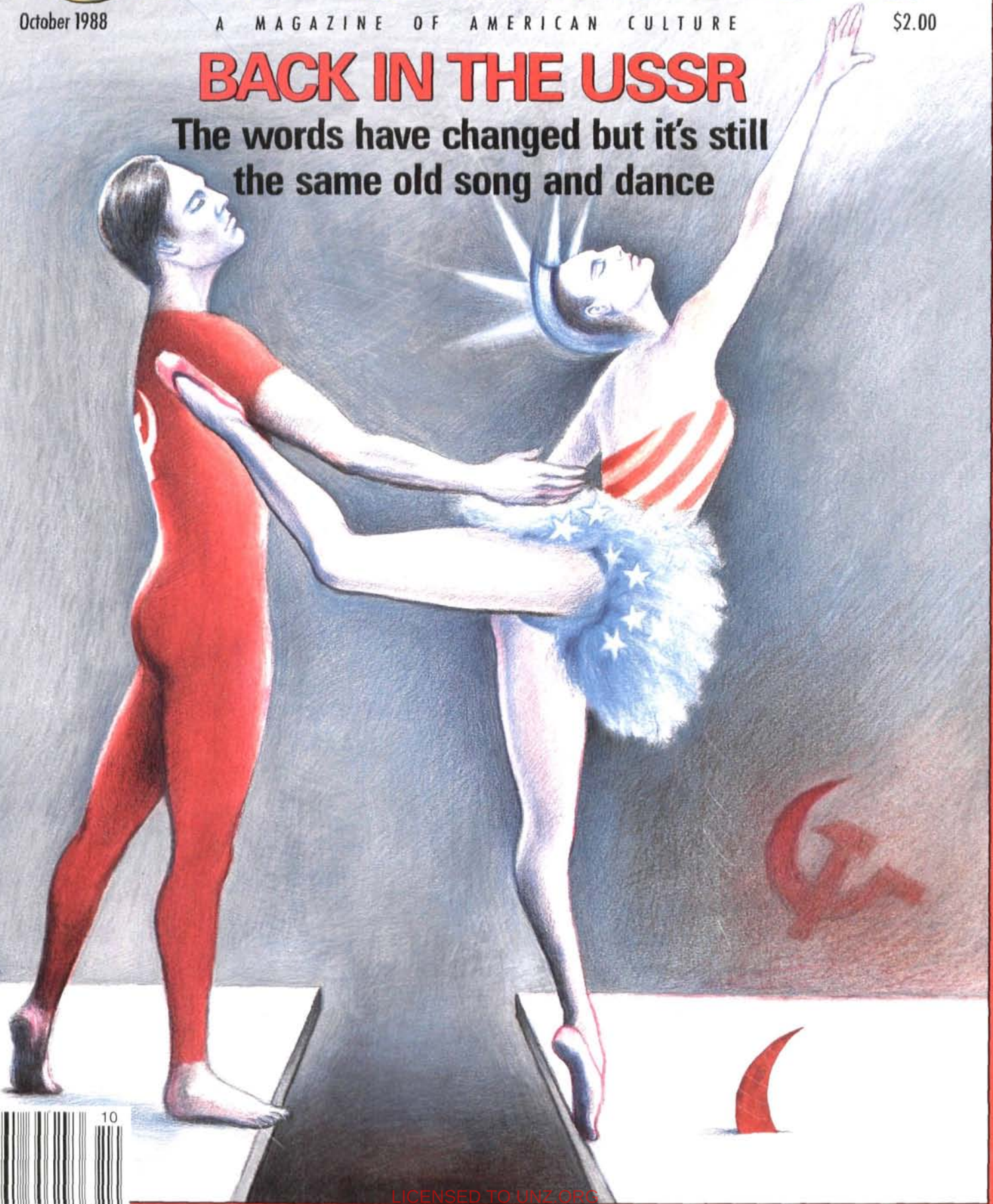
October 1988

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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BACK IN THE USSR

The words have changed but it's still
the same old song and dance



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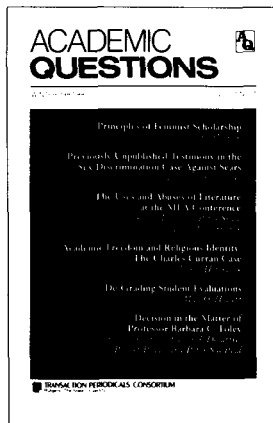
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On the Cover

Drawing on the cover and inside illustrations by Krystyna Jachniewicz.



Day care and illegal drugs are hot political issues. Yet there has been little public discussion of the relationship between changing family patterns and the use of illegal drugs. Considerable data suggests a close connection between the two. Indeed, the decline of the traditional family seems to parallel the increase in the use of illegal drugs. As legislators consider more federal subsidies for day care, they ought to ponder this neglected bond.

It was not until the 1950's that illegal drug use among children and youth became a source of considerable worry. In 1949, Commissioner of Narcotics Harry J. Anslinger estimated that there were 65,000 heroin addicts in the country, half of them concentrated in New York. Most of the newer addicts were primarily young minority males, who reportedly stole to finance their habit and totally rejected mainstream society. A 1951 article in *Science Digest*, though, noted that "hard pressed to create a market, peddlers have left the slums and invaded middle-class schools and neighborhoods." The Boggs Act of 1951 and the Narcotics Control Act of 1956 strengthened drug law enforcement by setting mandatory sentences for drug traffickers, including the death penalty in some cases.

The 1960's became a decade almost defined by the explosive increase in drug use among teenagers and young adults. The proportion of those arrested who were under age 18 increased from 6 percent in 1963 to 25 percent in 1969. The most startling aspects of this new incidence of youthful drug use were its concentration among the white middle class and the array of substances being used. At the same time, the number of divorces climbed from 393,000 in 1960 to 1,213,000 in 1981; the divorce rate rose 140 percent. The rate of first marriage (new brides per 1,000 single women) declined 30 percent; among women ages 20-24, the fall was a dramatic 59

percent. Some researchers began to suspect that there might be a connection between these developments.

During the 1950-69 period, sociologists and psychologists who looked at the family-drug equation moved toward a common conclusion: family life, properly structured, could and did insulate children from drug experimentation and use; and the more traditional the family, the greater the degree of protection. Eva Rosenfeld, Isodor Chein, and others reported that the families of addicts were characterized by parental death, divorce, or desertion. Father absence had a particularly strong effect on boys.

Richard Blum and associates, in *Horatio Alger's Children*, offered the most complete early assessment of the relationship of family life to drug use. Drawing his sample from San Mateo, California, in the late 1960's, Blum sought to identify those family-oriented factors that correlated with "low risk and high risk" of teenage drug use, within a period of growing general substance abuse. Among white middle-class families, Blum found that certain family patterns were significantly related to "low risk" of drug use. These were families that were intact, where the fathers led; mothers gave their first priority to home-centered activities; religion was an active and vital force; and there were numerous siblings and meaningful linkages to other relatives. Conversely, children and adolescents frequently used drugs in families characterized by divorce, cohabitation, and out-of-wedlock births, and where men and women gave highest priority to activities and interests outside the home.

These implied linkages even help explain the apparent stabilization, or decline, in youthful drug use that has been seen in this decade. After the startling changes in family structure and life seen in the 1960-80 period, several key indicators (including the divorce and birthrates) have since stabi-

lized or turned in healthier directions.

Many congressmen are currently supporting federal legislation for more child-care centers and tax incentives to keep both spouses employed outside the home—actions that, according to the research, will increase drug use among teens. At the same time, these legislators claim to be "waging war" on drugs. If they are serious about that campaign, they would do better to offer tax incentives to families where men and women take the time to rear their own children, at home.

—Allan Carlson

The Atlanta air is clear and sultry, yet there's a different air in the Democratic Convention's Women's Caucus in the Hyatt Regency—an air of conspiratorial illusions which stifle zealotry with their cold, hard calculations, but promise victory and the triumph of total human rights.

In the hallway adjacent to the meeting room I'm the recipient of a lecture on the need and right for long-term care legislation. I'm assured that this issue will come to dominate the political arena, and that no less than Claude Pepper supports it. What's the price tag? I inquire. Twenty billion dollars—without batting an eye, yet spoken in a slightly subdued fashion. Can't the private sector answer this need? Unthinkable. Can this cost be squared with Dukakis's goal of deficit reduction? In time, yes. Regardless, the need is surpassing. There it is: the Democratic economic illusion—spend more on social programs, and watch the deficit contract. Of course, the world doesn't work that way, which is why Dukakis never speculates on how to balance the budget. Call it the economic veil.

Moving into the actual caucus, wondering what luminaries might be involved, I spy Geraldine Ferraro on the podium. Congresswoman Louise Slaughter, representing New York but sporting a Southern accent, hails this

historic, living monument to the women's movement. "Geraldine," Congresswoman Slaughter informs us, "created a moment in history which will never, never be surpassed." Previous moments of some significance flash through my mind, but I succumb to the tingling sense of unity pervading this religious gathering. (Geraldine informs us that to have secured the additional 15 percentage points necessary to beat Reagan in '84, "you would have needed God on the ticket and *She wasn't available.*")

The Women's Caucus is deep in self-congratulation. The buttons say simply "5%," for the number of women in Congress—only one more Democrat than Republican, with probable growth favoring Republicans. I see Bella Abzug, who meanders about the room as if able to occupy any space at all, possessing total dominion from her matriarchal place within the Parthenon of women's activists. I speak to her and ask her if she has not broadened her appeal beyond women's activists, even appealing to more conservative women. She exclaims she is the same today as she ever was; that she holds out hope for all women across the broad spectrum. It is not she who is changing, but other women everywhere who have changed.

Now appears Ann Richards, treasurer from Texas and the star of the opening night of the convention. More than others, Ms. Richards recognizes the task at hand—to conceal the goals of all the interest groups which flourish under the Democratic umbrella long enough to secure the presidential crown.

From the cluster of people surrounding her at the podium Ms. Richards suddenly whirls to face the audience, cameras, and microphones, and calls out: "Well, how y'all doing? I didn't put on my fancy face cream today so whatever shots you photographers get, get 'em straight on!" Ms. Richards honestly assesses the rigors of the woman as politician but considers the benefits to outweigh the efforts. She recalls that Mae West story in which Mae encounters a friend at a party wearing a formidable mink coat. Mae asks her friend: "Why honey, where did you get that coat?" Her friend replies: "Why Mae, I met a man with \$10,000." Next year the friend

meets Mae, who is wearing a coat of various pelts. When she asks Mae if she met a man with \$10,000, Mae replies: "Why, no, honey. I met 10,000 men with one dollar."

The Texas raconteur continues, claiming she had just been asked outside by a reporter what it was about George Bush that women didn't like. She said, "Sorry, but it's hard to explain unless you've gone to a high school dance and looked over at the stag line and seen this guy constantly raising his eyebrows at you, and you say to yourself, 'Oh Lord, I hope he doesn't ask me!'"

For all her down-home style, Ann Richards is this convention's John the Baptist. She acts as a bridge, saying enough of the right things to retain unity with women activists, yet urging a muting of angry voices and forging alliances with those less vocal, and even apparently less Democratic, for the sake of victory. In effect, Richards appears to counsel, to speak the harsh truths about the goals of this caucus is to lose again. And victory is the goal. What better political veil to the truth of their concerns than Senator Lloyd Bentsen?

Bentsen appears amid a phalanx of Secret Service agents and mounts the podium. His voice is so weak as to be barely audible before an audience already stirred by fiery oratory and evangelical exhortation. So inept is the stately Bentsen that an aging women's activist gently moves him closer to the microphone. Once positioned, he begins.

"This year we are going to make this the year of the child," says Bentsen. "For those mothers living below the poverty line we are going to see that you have proper support." The still almost-inaudible Texan assures the gathering that "Michael Dukakis has a great record on issues involving women. He doesn't make a lot of promises, but he has a record of action. Women will play a major role in his administration."

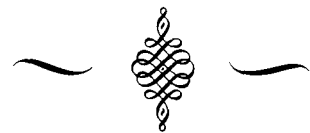
What is the import of such mild platitudes served before a hungry Women's Caucus? The political veil is drawn and coded under the scrutiny of the national media. Enough must be said to insure activating the activists, but not too much to alarm the broader public. Here enters political gnosti-

cism, for only the enlightened few can know what is really going to happen. The result is that suspicion lingers in the minds of the activists and is sure to grow in the mind of the American public. But in the aftermath of the party having said too much four years ago (with a 40,000-word platform), rest content that if the Democrats err this year, it will be on the side of verbal parsimony, for the veil will not be rent.

—Joe Pappin III

Friends of Chronicles' editor have been hearing rumors of a book he claimed to be working on for the past decade. The book is finally out: *The Politics of Human Nature*. Beginning with the biological evidence for human nature, the work covers sex differences, the family, the origin of the state, the twin problems of tyranny and treason, and a philosophical justification for the federalism outlined in the American Constitution. *The Politics of Human Nature* is available for \$29.95 from Transaction Books (New Brunswick, NJ 08903). As William Faulkner said of one of his novels, the author hopes you will like this book and tell your friends to buy it.

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DIPLOMATS, DUPES, AND TRAITORS

by Thomas Fleming

Election '88 has been so far a political flea circus in which the issues are as microscopic as the candidates. The one interesting candidate has been the Rev. Jesse Jackson. If you have seen his very effective commercials, you will remember the pictures of Jackson meeting with President Assad of Syria, and the voice-over reminding us that of all the candidates Jackson is the only one who has carried out top-level discussions with foreign heads of state.

Jesse Jackson is hardly alone in playing the role of ambassador to the world. There are many others: Dr. Bernard Lown, for example. In 1985 Dr. Lown, along with Dr. Yevgeny Chazov of the Soviet Union, received a Nobel Peace Prize for their efforts on behalf of nuclear disarmament. Chazov and Lown were co-founders of International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War (or IPPNW). Dr. Chazov was equally well-known in the West for signing a statement that bitterly attacked Andrei Sakharov, the Nobel prize-winning nuclear physicist. Sakharov at that time was in forced internal exile and, by all accounts, was being held in a hospital and undergoing a compulsory treatment of psychotropic drugs.

Critics of IPPNW like Edward Lozansky have made the obvious objection to their struggle for world peace: "There's a fundamental link," says Lozansky, "between preservation of world peace and human rights. . . . Only when Soviet people like Sakharov have the opportunity to speak free can we talk about trust, about stopping the arms race, about nuclear disarmament."

One citizen diplomat who has earned the trust of Soviet leaders is Armand Hammer. Hammer was the feature of a recent Soviet television show, entitled *Comrade Capitalist*, that honors him for a lifetime of service to the USSR. Hammer claims to be on friendly terms with most of the world's leaders and carries messages back and forth between President Reagan and Secretary Gorbachev. Jesse Jackson is a comparative newcomer to citizen diplomacy, but Hammer has been at it since 1921, when he cut his first deal with the USSR—he still treasures his personally autographed picture of Lenin.

It is hard to tell where Hammer stands politically. As a very rich capitalist he supported Richard Nixon to the point of making an illegal contribution to his campaign, but he has never repudiated his father's activities in support of the Communist Party. More than one liberal publication—*Harper's* and *The New York Times*, for example—have



suggested that Hammer's unflagging support for US-Soviet trade has benefited the USSR far more than the US.

Private diplomacy is not confined to the visible celebrities who actively enter into practical negotiations with high-level representatives of foreign governments. More typical are the political idealists who go to the USSR on citizen diplomacy tours, hoping to make personal contact with the Russian people. A recent special issue of *New Age* magazine listed page after page of tours run by such organizations as Citizen Exchange Council, Continuing the Peace Dialogue, and Earth Stewards Network. Imagine the fun you could have on a New Age tour, eating tofu and bean sprouts and listening to space-age elevator music. At least they'd let you smoke on the plane—anything, that is, but tobacco. I recently heard the ultimate New Age justification for these efforts. You see, I was told, some monkeys were taught by scientists to wash sandy bananas off in the ocean. Later, when the scientists went to another island, they discovered that its monkeys already had learned how to wash off their food. The message? Just like the monkeys, we humans also have a cosmic consciousness, and what we talk about in Kiev or Dubuque is communicated to all of humanity. (Of course, they got the monkey story wrong. The valuable skill was learned by a young monkey and communicated to the group, who passed it down to future generations as a cultural tradition. The real story has a rather different moral.)

A typical example of an ordinary citizen diplomat is Nurse Sharon Tennison, who has been going to the USSR since 1983. According to the authors of *Citizen Diplomats*, her eyes brim with tears when she speaks of Russia and the people she has met on her trips. Her best friend is an American woman who chose to live in Moscow, because—as she says—they have better day care. Congress had better hurry up and pass a national child-care plan before there is a mass exodus of working mothers to the USSR. When Nurse Tennison is asked about all the human rights violations in the Soviet Union—not to mention the tens of millions of fatalities—she responds with the example of a native American doing time for murder. You see, there's right and wrong on both sides.

Perhaps the most well-known American tourist to fall in love with the USSR was Samantha Smith. While little Samantha may well have been used as a "pawn in a propaganda war"—as Nicholas Daniloff described her—she had a good excuse: she was only 10 years old when she wrote Mr. Andropov her famous letter. I have no doubt of the sincerity of her motives, by the way. At the age of 10 she recognized that Yuri Andropov wanted to conquer the world. Would it be uncharitable to point out that when the girl died in a plane wreck, she was being sent around by her liberal parents to stir up opposition to the national defense of the United States? It is a great pity when the young must die as a sacrifice to the ideology of an older generation.

Even more famous than Samantha Smith is the radical actress-turned-workout capitalist, Jane Fonda. Miss Fonda's forays in the cause of World Peace were back in the news on Memorial Day, when various veterans' groups decided either to forgive or not to forgive the half-repentant actress. (Like Scarlett O'Hara, she's not sorry for what she did as much as for the trouble it has brought her. The best excuse she can come up with is that she was on drugs at the time.

What's Jim Wright smoking?)

In fact, most of her actions amounted to little more than a harmless publicity stunt, the sort of thing we expect from actresses who display more skin than talent in their films. Other American peace activists went farther and collaborated openly with the North Vietnamese. Admiral James Stockdale, in his book *In Love and War*, recounts the story of an American POW who had been tortured into making a phoney list of pilots who refused to serve in an immoral war. However, he had the presence of mind to insert enough ridiculous names, like Clark Kent, into his radio broadcasts that any sensible American would know he was acting under duress. He got away with it until a group of American radicals tipped off the North Vietnamese. The torturers were not amused.

Even when private diplomacy efforts are patriotic gestures, most Americans are so ill-educated in the languages, histories, and customs of foreign countries that the stereotype of the ugly American abroad comes close to the truth.

Even when they are not openly collaborating with an enemy or profiting from Soviet slave labor, even when their purpose is as honorable as Jesse Jackson's when he attempted to secure the release of an American serviceman being held hostage, it is not the interest of the United States they represent, but the interests of party, faction, social class, or ethnic group. Jesse Jackson went to Syria, remember, as the self-proclaimed spokesman for *black* Americans, just as Russell Banks—the American Indian movement leader—went to Nicaragua for the sole purpose of checking on the Miskito Indians.

Even when private diplomacy efforts are patriotic gestures, most Americans are so ill-educated in the languages, histories, and customs of foreign countries that the stereotype of the ugly American abroad comes close to the truth. Even our professional diplomats—to say nothing of politically appointed ambassadors—rarely match European standards. In the specific case of the USSR, it is a very alien culture that Europeans and Americans have always had trouble understanding. There is a famous story about the British poet laureate Lord Tennyson and his encounter with Russian culture. As the story goes, Tennyson was at a shooting party on the Isle of Wight with a group that included a number of Russian aristocrats. He met one of them returning from a day's hunting and asked him how he had done. "I shot two peasants," replied the Russian. "You mean pheasants, don't you?" asked the poet. "No, peasants," insisted the Russian; "They were insolent, so I shot them."

This may be one of those stories one nation makes up about another, but the potential for misunderstanding is real and dangerous. When private citizens go to the Soviet Union, with little or no knowledge of the Russian language or the communist system, they are inevitably given a Potemkin village tour. If they are important enough, they may happen to meet attractive Russian girls, who happen to fall in love with them. It is not the girls' fault if they work for

the KGB. One of the first Americans to visit the USSR after the Revolution was the journalist Lincoln Steffens, who, after a brief formal tour, felt confident enough to declare, "I have seen the future, and it works." Steffens was no more gullible than the hundreds of journalists and travelers who return with heartwarming stories about their experiences. During Stalin's purge trials, when protest from the West might have halted the massacres, or later on, when the US and Great Britain were sending back thousands of Russians and East Europeans to certain death in Operation Keelhaul, friends of the Soviets were reassuring Americans about the justice of the Soviet system and the good intentions of Joseph Stalin.

Consider this more recent example of American gullibility. In April of 1984 former Presidents Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter held a two-day consultation on very sensitive topics in foreign affairs, including arms control. The sponsors included Ford Motor, Coca-Cola, Delta Airlines, and the Southern Armand Hammer, Ted Turner. Among those present were Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, Evgeny Velikov (the leading Soviet ABM expert), Lt. General Konstantin Mikhailov, and Sergei Tarasenko, deputy chief of the USA Department in the Foreign Affairs Ministry. As Richard Staar reported in *Chronicles*, on point after crucial point, the former US Presidents sided with the Soviets in blaming the Reagan administration for blocking progress in arms control. When Navy Secretary John Lehman attempted to present the record of Soviet violations, both Carter and Ford rebuked him. Now, while we can appreciate the pathetic need of former Presidents to recapture the limelight, such public shenanigans are hardly a service to the security of the American people.

The Constitution is very clear in assigning foreign policy responsibilities to the executive and legislative branches of the national government. So far as I know, those powers

were only openly challenged once in our history, during the Hartford Convention of 1814. Even before the War of 1812, prominent New England politicians had been disloyally intriguing with the British, and during the war disgruntled federalists like Timothy Pickering were in favor of making an immediate separate peace with the British. The leaders of the convention were more cautious and contented themselves with sketching out a New England Confederation in which the states could withhold troops and supplies in the case of war and demanding the right to control the federal taxes collected within their states. Not all New Englanders were disloyal in 1814, and in the Massachusetts Senate John Holmes of Maine made his reputation in a speech attacking the convention. Fortunately, these deliberations were interrupted by the news of General Jackson's victory at the Battle of New Orleans and the signing of the treaty of Ghent. Even the Civil War, which threatened the existence of the Union, did not challenge the national government's exclusive right to conduct foreign policy.

The past 100 years have witnessed a growing confusion over the roles of the citizen and the various governments to which he is subject. For a number of reasons, we have seen fit to whittle away at the powers of the states, counties, and city governments to regulate their own affairs. At the same time individuals, organizations, and local governments have increasingly begun to arrogate unto themselves the powers of the federal government in matters of foreign policy and defense.

A few examples: Our neighboring state of Wisconsin, the best socialist state this side of Sweden, decided a few years ago to adopt Nicaragua as a "sister state" (the capitol, Madison, is also a "sister city" of Managua). You can imagine what sort of fools the leftist governor and his staff made of themselves as they consulted on matters of trade and foreign policy with the Sandinistas. As you drive into Madison, you can breathe a sigh of relief, because it is a nuclear-free zone. (So is Chicago, by the way, the home of nuclear weapons research.) I hope the Soviets know about Madison, because what Edward Rozek says of Boulder, Colorado is true of most university towns: the Russians would not want to destroy a place with so many of their friends on the faculty. In Madison, you also don't have to worry about the rules of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, because a number of churches have declared themselves sanctuary churches for any illegal alien who is willing to brave the cold winters.

An even more interesting challenge to the INS and to the Congress was mounted by the State of New York recently, when the state sued for an extension of the amnesty deadline for registration. I stand second to no one in my advocacy of the rights of state and local governments in areas that concern them, but it is hard to justify the actions of cities and states that claim the right to interfere in affairs of state and national defense by encouraging the violation of our immigration laws and by threatening to prevent the transportation of weapons and materials vital to the protection of the United States. If I were the President, I'd forget about the threat in the Persian Gulf and concentrate on the nuclear-free cities in the United States. Who knows what good might be done by sending the troops into Madison and Cambridge?

In the forthcoming issue of *Chronicles*:
America: As Others See Us

"The American character is a complicated one. Contrary to the generally accepted assumption (especially in Europe), Americans are not a simple people. Nor are American manners simple. One of the problems is the American confusion of publicity and privacy. It is because of the invasion of the former into the domains of the latter that in many places and in many ways celebrity has replaced society in America; it is therefore also one of the remnant habits of the old American upper class to observe and respect privacy."

—from "American Manners" by John Lukacs

A Writer in Exile
Ovid's Epistulae Ex Ponto, II.7

rendered by David R. Slavitt

*The Roman poet, Publius Ovidius Naso, was exiled to Tomis on the Black Sea by
the Emperor Augustus in 8 A.D.*

To Atticus

From the Getan badlands, my letter comes to you with good
wishes, Atticus: How goes life for you?
And I wonder how it goes for me with you—do I keep
a place, still, in your heart? I ought not doubt,
but I take nothing for granted and dread at every step
the treacherous footing. I pray you will indulge me.
Even unruffled waters can scare a shipwreck survivor;
a fish that has once felt the hook is wary
of the bronze barb that every morsel thereafter may hide;
the lamb, afraid of the wolf, may even flee
the protecting sheepdog . . . Or better, think of a man with a wound
who can't help but shrink from the doctor's touch.
It doesn't make any sense: one understands but can't
help flinching. What's happened to me has changed me,
made me gun-shy, turned me jumpy, turned my mental
landscape ghastly. Every random shadow
is quick with menace. The world has changed, turned
inimical, inhospitable, the gods
are implacable. Even Fortune, no longer fickle, has steadied
to hold me fast in her malign regard.
It sounds implausible? Yes, I agree, it does, for the long
string of my woes and losses breaks all rules,
defies reason itself so that calculation is pointless,
as it is in a field of wheat, each ear, each grain
a blur no eye can accommodate, no mind take in.
Instead, by the blooms in a rolling meadow of thyme,
by the birds in a wheeling flock, the fish in a gleaming school,
reckon my hurts of land and air and sea.
Nowhere in all the world is there a more savage and brutish
tribe than the Getans, my neighbors, but even they
are pained to hear my misfortunes, a full accounting of which
would run on, hypnotic, grand, my catalogue
of the ships, every one of them wrecked, foundered, sunk.
If I fear to hear how you think of me these days,
it's nothing you've done or failed to do, but only me
and my terrible luck. Whatever bad can happen,
will. And it looms. And I fear it. I cannot remember
what carelessness was, or joy. Grief is my habit,
my keeper, the only mirror in which I can recognize
my face, care-worn and scarred as a rock water
has pock-marked so that there's no space left for any new
blow's bruise. I'm worn thin as an old

plowshare some poor peasant leaves to his eldest son.

My heart is an Appian Way for the wagon wheels
and hoofs to pound with one burden after another.

In the hope of renown, men devote their lives
to art; my gifts brought me only disgrace and ruin.

My life was blameless—much good has that done me.
It's hardly a comfort to think of my unrewarded virtues.

Serious sinners are pardoned—because their friends
have prayed for them; my friends are all of a sudden mutes.

Some have managed to plead in their own behalf—
in order to manage that, you have to be there at the ear
of power: I was away at the critical time
and could say nothing to help myself. The silent displeasure
of Caesar is fearsome enough, but what he said
of me aloud, aroused, was everywhere reported.

It was terrible, ill luck piled upon ill luck:
the dead of winter, storms, rough seas, and bitter cold;
no friend in sight but only a ravening horde
eager to take advantage, to profit from my misfortunes;
the worst possible venue, the most dismal,
the farthest from Rome, the least protected, the most barren . . .

The abraded soul can sometimes find some solace
in tending a garden: I look out on a barren, stony
field, its poor stalks stunted by icy
Sarmatian winds and broken by hostile raiders' horses'
hoofs that have crossed and then swept back again.
The nervous, the near mad can take a kind of comfort
in the gentle purling of streams and the play of light
on running water; here the rivers are dun and dull
or brackish when the tide runs. Everything stinks
or is broken, or they are fresh out of it, or they never
heard of it . . . All I'm going on here is nerve,
courage, more than I thought I had. I am not mad;

I hang on; I do exercise; I keep
my chin up and my head comparatively high—
to let go even a little is to fall
completely apart. It's stupid, and yet I continue to hope,
imagining how one day the prince's ire
may yet melt. To give up on that would be to give up
absolutely. You and a few friends
have held fast, as I hold fast to you, believing
in your belief, without which I would drown.



SOLZHENITSYN: THE RUSSIAN LIBERAL

by Mikhail S. Bernstam

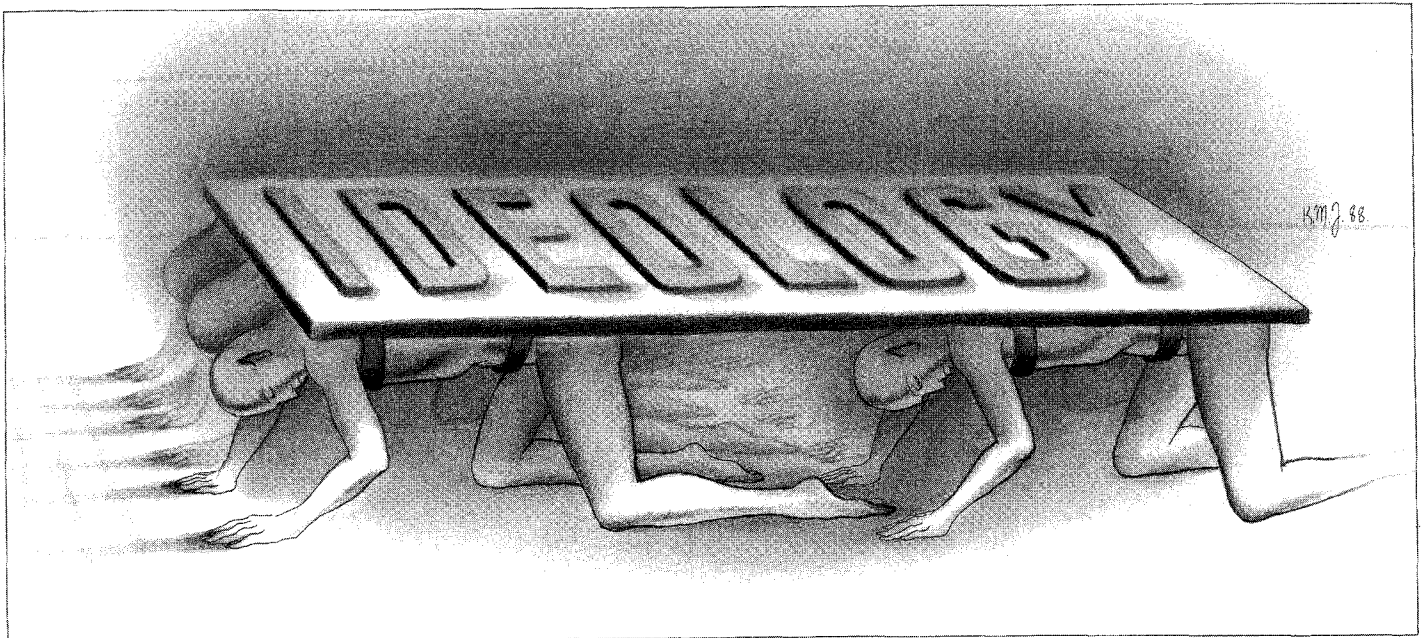
When an influential group of American intellectuals, liberals and neoconservatives alike, unites against one man, a Russian scribbler at refuge in a New England town, there ought to be something big at stake. Their own explanation is that Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn is a reactionary, a social conservative, an antidemocrat, a 19th-century romantic or paternalist, a strong statist, a nationalist, and whatever else.

There is an irony about this case, because true social conservatives like Patrick Buchanan, paternalistic statist like George Will, religious romantics like Malcolm Muggeridge, and extreme political right-wingers like James Burnham are not similarly ostracized by the entire intellectual community. Perhaps a simple example can hint at the reason. Jeane Kirkpatrick argued for the comparative advantage of an authoritarian state in some lesser developed, overpopulated countries of Latin America in the 1980's. Solzhenitsyn argued for the comparative advantage of an authoritarian state in Russia in the 1900's-1910's and in the hypothetical transitory period after communism. Yet Kirkpatrick is acceptable, at least to neoconservatives, and Solzhenitsyn

is not. The only explanation I can see is that a corporate body of American intellectuals identifies itself with the power-sharing aspirations of Russian intellectuals of the 1900's-1910's and 1980's-1990's, while most Latin American intellectuals are integrated into their authoritarian political systems. Solzhenitsyn hit where it hurts most: he explored the costs of ideas—the ideologies and social arrangements of intellectuals—to ordinary people.

From an economic perspective, Solzhenitsyn is, contrary to conventional wisdom, an original and distinctive libertarian. He is the only important libertarian who ever published in the Russian language. Libertarianism is, after all, alien to Russian intellectual tradition. Solzhenitsyn noted that the Russian intellectual community was very special in never having understood true classical liberalism. The proof of this is in the modern Russian language itself. With the emergence of the term *intelligentsia* in the mid-19th century, Russian terms for urban homeowner and petty bourgeois, *obyvatel'* and *meshchanin*—terms of the same cultural milieu as burgher, citizen, and businessman in English, *citoyen* and *bourgeois* in French, *Burger* in German—changed their connotation in the press, literature, and subsequently in the common usage. For over a hundred years these terms have meant stupid, greedy, narrow-minded, anti-intellectual; the modern dictionary translates both terms into English as *Philistines*. To achieve such remarkable changes in language, the entire Russian intellec-

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tual community worked hard for several decades.

A key insight into Solzhenitsyn can be discerned from his comment on his friend, Grigori Samoilovich M-z, in *The Gulag Archipelago*. M-z was a former powerful Communist official who, during World War II, was sent by his superior to convey an order to a Soviet regiment to retreat. This order, if delivered, could have saved the lives of many soldiers and officers. But M-z was so afraid of being killed on the way to the regiment that he stopped and said a prayer and gave a pledge to Yahweh that if he will just survive he will be a religious follower for the rest of his life. The regiment perished or was captured by the Germans; M-z survived, spent 10 years in the Soviet prison camps, and then years in internal exile. From all conceivable standpoints, says Solzhenitsyn, M-z was guilty of selfishness, of the sacrifice of hundreds of lives for his own survival, and, last but not least, of insufficient hatred for the most deadly enemy of the Jews that had ever existed. But, Solzhenitsyn goes on, there are higher principles than simple cold logic. By these principles nobody has any right to oblige an individual to do anything involuntarily, much less risk his life for the survival of others. By the very fact of his birth, an individual does not belong to any institution or group, but to himself alone, despite all the ideologies that claim otherwise. Ideologies may make a claim for the collective on the individual, but, says Solzhenitsyn, it is not the state that gives birth to man; it is his mother. The man's transactions with the world outside himself are, therefore, either voluntary transactions and contracts in accordance with his own preferences and decisions—or slavery.

This extreme antistatism led an insightful Israeli author, Emil Cogan, to conclude that Solzhenitsyn is actually an anarchist. Yet I would argue that for Solzhenitsyn the difference between his libertarianism and true anarchism is no less significant than for another Russian anomaly, Ayn Rand. Anarchism discounts the costs of one's actions for other individuals. Anarchism implies the imposition of one's preferences over others regardless of their consent; that is, it implies involuntary transactions. In practice, what anarchism would achieve would be another instance of the power of special interests, usually intellectuals. Therefore, anarchism is as anticapitalistic as any other socialist design; it is a nonstate totalitarianism of another breed of intellectuals.

In an essay included in *From Under the Rubble*, Solzhenitsyn rejects two symmetric concepts of freedom: the collectivist concept of freedom as submission of the individual to group or state preferences, and the anarchist concept of freedom as a free ride at the expense of others. For Solzhenitsyn, as well as for classical liberals, freedom from restrictions on individual transactions is complemented by freedom from imposition of involuntary costs. The latter condition is, of course, the very foundation for the rule of law and for the functioning of the state.

Yet Solzhenitsyn would like to see the state and the courts not only as secondary, but as redundant social contrivances. In voluntary transactions, one party tends to impose additional costs on the other by means of such general contracts as the rule of law or of the majority. But, as Solzhenitsyn suggests, the same things can be accomplished by self-restraint. His concept of self-restraint (roughly translated into English as "self-limitation") is not, as some critics have

misunderstood it, an attack on selfish capitalist profiteering. Rather, it is an attempt to circumvent the multipersonal and impersonal contracts that may require an active involvement of the state and of the courts. In addition to Adam Smith's Invisible Hand of the market, there is, in the words of Arthur Okun, an Invisible Handshake of human participants. What is important here is that implicit contracts and self-restraint do not abuse individual preferences, while institutional protection of the interests of the third parties may clash with individual freedom.

Solzhenitsyn is neither a statist nor a social conservative. If we check public records, we find that he never spoke on or for any issue on the social conservative agenda, except the role of religion in the family. He always strongly opposed state involvement in private and family affairs. He spoke in favor of voluntary school prayer in public schools in his 1983 Templeton speech, but from a perspective quite different from that of social conservatives. He considers the prohibition of school prayer to be a state-imposed and ideologically motivated violation of the rights of individuals forming the family. (The natural desire of parents to reproduce their own preferences in their children is a basic economic notion associated with Gary S. Becker.) Solzhenitsyn believes that state-guided intellectual development deprives the family of its basic rights and imposes the collective preferences of ideologues on the next generation. For him, this is a fundamental assault not only on human freedom but also on human nature.

Solzhenitsyn is a firm believer in the separation between church and state, believing that the destruction of this separation under Peter the Great spelled disaster for Russia. Judging by his writings on these matters in Russian journals, unfortunately unavailable in English, the Russian Church Schism of the mid-17th century was in reality the Russian Counterreformation. The spirit of Russian Orthodoxy before the schism was, unlike that of Catholicism, the spirit of enterprise, hard work, thrift, and market relations. It was the schism and then the domination of the state over the Church under Peter that converted Orthodoxy to the spirit of communitarianism and ubiquitous statism. (Peter practically abolished private property rights in Russia in 1714; they were restored years after his death, in 1731.) About two million nonconformist Old Orthodox adherents, the so-called Old Believers, were brutally punished, and their faithful descendants were persecuted for over two centuries. Religion was turned into ideology and the Church into a state institution. Yet, as Solzhenitsyn observes, most Russian industrialists, merchants, and entrepreneurial peasants were Old Believers (see, especially, *The Oak and the Calf*). Solzhenitsyn went so far as to declare that in a Russia of Old Believers the communist revolution would have been impossible.

Solzhenitsyn must have surprised both liberals and conservatives when he candidly admitted to Japanese journalists and academics in Tokyo (September 1982) that he is not a Slavophile nor has he ever been one. Moreover, he said, he was never influenced by the writings of Slavophiles. As a matter of fact, these notorious 19th-century Russian Slavophiles were the only Russian followers of Adam Smith on the issues of free trade and state nonintervention in the economy and private life. This is, of course, fine with

Solzhenitsyn, but the Slavophiles also embrace the Russian rural commune—and this Solzhenitsyn passionately rejects.

Solzhenitsyn interprets the commune as a more significant form of serfdom than feudal serfdom itself. The commune meant the predominant economic power of the state, not just of landlords, over the peasantry by means of taxes imposed on rural settlements collectively and the abolition of private land. The collectivist system of the commune constrained peasants' incentives and economic development.

On many dozens of pages of the new two-volume version of *August 1914*, Solzhenitsyn describes how the Tsarist government, under the premiership of Peter A. Stolypin, worked hard in the period 1906-1910 to create a new class of farmers by abolishing the rural commune as an institution and by establishing private land property for peasants. Solzhenitsyn also describes how most of the parties of the newly emerged Russian parliament, both left and right, and most of the intellectual community, resisted this capitalist reform of Russian history.

The truth of the matter is that the alleged Russian liberals were not liberal at all in the sense of classical liberalism. Solzhenitsyn endorsed, in his preface to Victor Leontowitch's *The History of Liberalism in Russia, 1762-1914*, the author's argument that the only liberal force, however inconsistent, in modern Russian history was the Tsarist government; the most antiliberal, anticapitalist force was the Russian intelligentsia.

Here, of course, is one of the painful points for Western critics of Solzhenitsyn, who have a natural affinity with Russian intellectuals and their fight against Tsarism. When in February 1917 Tsarism was finally overthrown, one of the first acts of the liberals who came to power was the abolition of the Russian parliament, whose rights they had ostensibly championed against the Tsarist government for years. The long-sought dictatorship of liberal intellectuals is known in Western literature as the short-lived Russian democracy. At that time one could really speak out, without fear of pejorative associations, and the first postrevolutionary issue of the *Journal of the Constitutional-Democratic Party* (*Vestnik Partii Narodnoi Svobody*) acknowledged in an article by the most sophisticated ideologue of Russian liberals, A.S. Izgoev, that the Russian liberal movement was in effect, in all of its objectives, a socialist movement. Victor Leontowitch noted that the program of the Constitutional-Democratic Party did not mention the right to own private property on its long list of basic rights.

On the laundry list of proofs of Solzhenitsyn's antidemocratism, a major item is his critique of the February 1917 revolution and of that short-lived Russian democracy. As a matter of fact, this was not a freedom-oriented government, but a system that provided a high degree of freedom exclusively for intellectuals. Socialism with a human face can and did exist; several cases are available, and Russia of 1917 was a textbook example. There was little economic freedom; land property rights were suspended for good; most prices were imposed by the government; grain was virtually confiscated from producers; the country was run by arbitrary committees of competing intellectuals; there was unlimited political freedom for anybody on the left of the

center and a tolerable sliding scale of freedom for those on the right of the center; there were political prisoners, though mostly former Tsarist officials, and some were kept in solitary confinement (former Prime Minister Boris V. Shturmer happened to die in jail a few days before the Communists took over: his main offense was that he was of German origin).

The most significant act of the liberal-socialist Provisional government was that of June 28, 1917. On that day the government suspended the Stolypin agrarian reforms, prohibited all land deals and transactions and canceled all previous land contracts. In effect, the government abolished property rights and private land ownership by peasants throughout the nation. The great socialist experiment began months before the Communists seized power. It is no wonder that Solzhenitsyn is less than enthusiastic about this pseudodemocracy.

If Solzhenitsyn is willing to defend Tsarist Russia, that alone does not make him a nationalist. Indeed, he denied the charge in his open letter to President Ronald Reagan in 1983. As George J. Stigler recently suggested, we are in want of a good economic theory of nationalism. While we will have to wait for its development, a few points will summarize the existing literature and my own thinking on the subject.

Nationalism is a modern reaction to capitalism, which destroyed feudal walls between classes and opened equal opportunities for every individual to compete in the market for social and economic mobility. Many individuals, especially intellectuals, would like to avoid too much competition. Those individuals who do not expect or, in fact, do not successfully cope with the opportune but also tough conditions of the market, prefer to circumvent them. This is also true in the case of those who initially succeed in the market but need to turn their success into feudal-type tenure in order to avoid being ousted by new market entrants. In a multiethnic or multiracial country, nationalism establishes a mutual social welfare consensus and network among the members of a homogenous group on the basis of ethnic origin. Nationalism is the movement which switches arrangements from individual competition to competition between groups and communities.

A few implications follow. First, the most effective arrangement for nationalists is reliance on the state against the market. Secondly, the procedure employed by nationalists through the state is special treatment in terms of vertical mobility, privileges, direct and indirect subsidies, quotas, and, last but not least, restrictions imposed on other groups. That is why nationalism sees the best opportunities not in the private sector but in the bureaucracy and works especially hard at monopolizing the state apparatus. And that is why nationalism is especially attractive for intellectuals and is, in fact, their movement par excellence.

Within the bureaucracy, nationalism establishes a network for a protracted arrangement which would guarantee collective privileges and insure collective success. To put it plainly, nationalism is a protection racket and insurance against market failure, insurance for which other groups pay the price of restrictions imposed on them.

While nationalistic arrangements allow individual success to be secured as part of the group's success, nationalistic

sentiments allow the individual to blame his failure on the real or imaginary privileges and communal network of the other group. Both tendencies feed further expansion of nationalism, which is, therefore—in Tsarist Russia, in the Soviet Union, in Africa, in the United States, and everywhere else—a platform for self-generating distribution and redistribution of socioeconomic mobility.

Anti-Semitism in Tsarist Russia, as elsewhere in Europe, including the notorious pogroms of the 1880's-1900's, was a typical manifestation of the desire of the Gentile business communities to monopolize rapidly developing markets. Businessmen found assistance in the nationalistic groups in the administration on the local and central level in their attempt to eliminate tough competitors by physical means. On the Russian political scene of that period, pogroms were ideologically instigated by the two extreme parties. The precedent was established by the left-wing terrorists of the socialist underground, "The People's Will," who murdered Tsar Alexander II in 1881 and circulated leaflets in which they blamed the Jews, as a capitalist minority, for various Russian economic problems. The line was followed by the ostensibly right-wing "Union of the Russian People," better known as the Black Hundreds, who carried on general propaganda for Russian blue-collar workers to strike against exploitation by Russian and Jewish capitalists. In the Tsarist government there was a long struggle between nationalistic bureaucrats, who functioned as protection racketeers on the growing Russian markets, and laissez-faire groups who worked hard to eliminate nationalistic restrictions and to curb the anticapitalist lobbies of the right.

For 80 years, historians of pogroms did not pay attention to the fact that the most active in the pogroms were retail and city-market traders, shopkeepers, salesmen, fishwives, street hawkers, and the like. Was it an irrational outburst of Russian spiritual traditions, as some sophisticates would tell you at Ivy League seminars? Rubbish. The times of the pogroms were the periods of the highest degree of civil rights rhetoric in Russian history. What was lacking was a sufficiently rooted laissez-faire consciousness in the local population and effective, nonnationalistic police committed to the preservation of the market. When Solzhenitsyn's main hero, Peter A. Stolypin, took over the Russian government in 1906 and reorganized the police, pogroms in Russia stopped for good. They reemerged in the summer of 1917 when, under the Provisional government, the police disappeared and anticapitalist propaganda flourished.

Solzhenitsyn in *August 1914* developed a key insight that, in his own words, the Black Hundreds and the Red Hundreds shouldered Russian economic development from the free-market path and worked hard to smash it. There is an abundant literature on the feudal right. Less explored is the derivation of the anticapitalist right from the business community, on various stages of economic development, which worked to restrict market access for alien economic forces.

I want to emphasize here that we are dealing with a universal socioeconomic phenomenon. Anti-Semitism did and will exist wherever members of various ethnic groups could employ the institutions to restrict the markets for Jews and monopolize markets for themselves. Pogroms did and will exist wherever these members could secure the protec-

tion of the state and of the local administration to beat the Jews out of the market. It takes decades of capitalistic development before people recognize that they are interested in security, equality, and prosperity of the middlemen minorities not so much because pogroms are abominable, but because people will get better prices on the markets with broader competition. Unfortunately, it takes even more decades before educated members of the Jewish community recognize that the security, equality, and prosperity of the Jews derive not from good intentions of the elites of the host countries, but from the developed market instincts of the host populations and from an environment in which the only function of the state is to protect the freedom of the market.

The various kinds of nationalism in the Soviet Union—as well as Soviet anti-Semitism—are obviously not Russian aberrations of socialism, nor the continuity of specific Russian traditions. Soviet nationalisms and anti-Semitism represent logical socialist reactions of more numerous and more powerful interest groups who employ the state in order to compete with each other and with Jews for education, positions, and rewards. This nationalism is, of course, more embittered and aggressive in a country where all well-paid, prestigious jobs and promotions are concentrated in the state bureaucracy.

The security, equality, and prosperity of the Jews derive not from good intentions of the elites of the host countries, but from the developed market instincts of the host populations and from an environment in which the only function of the state is to protect the freedom of the market.

For Solzhenitsyn, preferential social mobility, ethnic subsidies and privileges, restrictions and quotas, protection rackets and hooligans at the market gates, are detestable and intolerable to the highest degree, not only because they violate the rights of minorities, but also and no less because they corrupt and doom to protracted failure those nationalities who practice them. Such is also the position of Thomas Sowell, who argues that persecution of the Chinese in Malaysia and preferential mobility for the Malaysians actually, in terms of economic development, hurt the Malaysians; and the same argument applies to the Jews and the Russians in prerevolutionary Russia.

A simple and unequivocal test of Russian nationalism is given by the attitude towards promotions within, and monopolization of, the Soviet political system. Real Russian nationalists call for Russian intellectuals and youth to penetrate and overwhelm the state bureaucracy, thus taking the lion's share of the power market. Solzhenitsyn in his essay, "The Smatterings," in *From Under the Rubble*, calls the intellectuals and the youth, the Russian first and foremost, to withdraw from the system, take simple jobs, give up any participation in communist institutions, even at the expense of not receiving any formal education. One can say many things about Solzhenitsyn, but a Russian national-

ist he is not.

Even his obvious Russian patriotism has an extreme libertarian coloration. In *The Gulag Archipelago* he makes an unprecedented statement that it is governments who need military victories, while people need military defeats. Solzhenitsyn argues that prosperity and freedom are preferable to military victories and territorial expansion, and moreover, that defeats and territorial losses are beneficial for national prosperity and development toward freedom. He says that the Russian victory over Sweden in the early 18th century was a catastrophe for Russia and an unmitigated boon for Sweden. For Russia, that victory led to two centuries of expansion, new wars, inefficient allocation of resources, poverty, and restrictions on freedom. Solzhenitsyn rejects Russian national pride in the victory over Napoleonic France: as a result of that victory the abolition of serfdom was delayed for another half-century. He makes a challenging remark that he would have rather settled with the French occupation. He reminds the reader that Russian defeat in the Crimean War in 1855 at the hands of the British and the French led to the abolition of serfdom and to liberal legal reforms. Russian defeat in the war with Japan in 1904 led to liberation of peasants from the collectivist power of the commune and of the state to the spread of private land property and to the establishment of the Russian parliament. From this perspective, for Solzhenitsyn, the Soviet victory in World War II was a devastating defeat for Russian freedom.

Evidently, Solzhenitsyn makes a distinction between the country and the state. His patriotism, based on the criterion of freedom, is antistatist and populist. His patriotism is measured by what is good for the country and for the people, and what is best for the country, in his view, is not the expansion of the country, but the reduction of the state. As far as I know, we do not have a good economic theory of patriotism either, and it seems to me that Solzhenitsyn gives us quite valuable insights for its conception.

So far we have dealt with the issues on which Solzhenitsyn's theoretical contribution was to some extent marginal. There is, however, a special niche for Solzhenitsyn in modern social theory. It deals with the costs of ideas and the primacy of ideologies in the truncating of freedom and dehumanization of man.

Economists long recognized the crucial role that ideas and intellectuals, as producers and transmitters of ideas, play in establishing restrictions on freedom. The Austrian School economists Ludwig von Mises and Friedrich A. Hayek wrote extensively on the subject. Thomas Sowell said in *Knowledge and Decisions*:

The despotisms . . . were seen as vehicles for the imposition of intellectuals' designs on society at large. . . . Freedom is not simply the right of intellectuals to circulate their merchandise. It is, above all, the right of ordinary people to find elbow room for themselves and a refuge from the rampaging presumptions of their "betters."

John Maynard Keynes wrote in his celebrated dictum:

The ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong,

are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed, the world is ruled by very little else.

Practical men who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from academic scribblers of a few years back.

From this perspective, most economists of different schools will be on the side of Solzhenitsyn in his dispute with the majority of Soviet experts on the origins of communist terror and Gulag.

Solzhenitsyn went on at length to elaborate and document his basic proposition: the main source of terror and forced labor on the mass scale is the imposition of ideas on people by ideological states. Solzhenitsyn's books, and *The Gulag Archipelago* in particular, are all about the price of ideologies to people. Unlike various precapitalistic economic systems and despotic states in the past, the modern socialist economy is built on the base of ideology. Older systems of a socialist cast, dubbed by the Marxists as the Asiatic mode of production and better known in Western literature as Oriental despotism, regulated already existing economies and life-styles; they did not invent new ones. But on the second day of revolution, Lenin summoned an amateur economist, Yuri Larin, an expert on the German economic model of War Socialism, and ordered him to establish and expand that model in Russia. Within three years, 1917-1920, the system of collective transactions known as War Communism was built. Gross national product declined to the range of 4 percent to 20 percent of the prewar level (estimates vary). Famine began in 1918 and continued through 1921-22, although the system had to be suspended in early 1921. The official Soviet data reported the famine-related death toll in 1921-22 in the range of 4.9 to 5.1 million. My calculations of the human losses during the War Communism period between the censuses of 1917 and 1920 amount to 15.6 million.

The process of socioeconomic implementation of the ideological model requires not only oppression of individual political opponents but, first and foremost, the mass destruction of whole social classes and ethnic groups who do not fit the new system. The older despotisms imposed additional constraints on human activities, but they did not try to impose a new model that would require fundamental changes in behavior itself. Behavior is determined by individual preferences rooted in human nature. Lenin's error, corrected later by an unappreciated economic whiz of the century, Joseph Stalin, lay in the fact that one cannot change basic modes of human behavior without making a so-called Cultural Revolution that would change human minds and human nature. Until this is done, ideological experiments on human guinea pigs are limited to negative selection, to the mass slaughter of the unfit groups of human raw material. From Lenin's and Pol Pot's experience we know that the more ideologues hurry, the more they kill. The era of detente, when the USSR, Romania, Poland, and East Germany began to exchange their undesirable subjects for Western subsidies (instead of murdering them), resulted in an implicit consensus that the slave-trade is a progressive

improvement upon uncorrupted, idealistic communism.

That is why a conventional method of historical analogies between communism and various despotic regimes in the past, whether in Russia or elsewhere, yields shallow results. Communists or Nazis may seem to be not much different from past tyrants, or even from Chicago gangsters of the 1930's for that matter, but this does not explain a crucial difference neglected by all theoreticians of continuity with the past: the old despots' business was robbery, not murder. Violence was only the means of securing submission from the next in line to be robbed. Institutionalized robbery is an extreme form of taxation. As good businessmen, despots make sure that their benefits exceed their costs, and thus they do not want to waste their taxpayers. Ideologues in a hurry to build a new economic system opt for mass murder even if they destroy their sources of robbery. They allow the costs to exceed benefits and forgo future gains because their main benefits are nontangible and nonmonetary ones. Their business is imposition of ideologies, not taxes. Unlike even most conservatives, let alone liberals, Solzhenitsyn insists that communism is not about power. Power for communists is only a means of imposing ideologies on people.

Intellectuals habitually blame communist massacres on despotic precedents that they can easily find in the historical records of any country. But Solzhenitsyn points out that Russia makes an especially difficult case for these theoreticians of historical continuity. Russia was for all practical purposes a capitalist country, although most peasants did not

own their land until the Stolypin agrarian reform of 1906-1910. However, most economic and social relations were based on laissez-faire individual transactions, and the general trend of the development of the country was toward universal freedom.

Like leading neoclassical liberal economists, Solzhenitsyn argued for the preeminence of economic freedom and economic development over the political freedoms of interested groups (compare Solzhenitsyn's preface to Leontowitch with George J. Stigler's "Wealth, and Possibly Liberty," in *The Journal of Legal Studies*, June 1978). Exactly this approach is at the center of Solzhenitsyn's analysis of the economic and social policies of the Tsarist government versus those of the liberal-socialist Provisional government of 1917.

Solzhenitsyn suggests that scholars who ignore facts of the history of Russian free market economy, including its destruction under the liberal-socialist government, and derive communism from Tsarism and oppressive Russian institutions, are actually searching for a scapegoat. They want to salvage the general right of well-meaning intellectuals to impose their preferences on ordinary people—the right they confuse with the freedom of expression. In this, intellectuals ignore the costs of ideologies to ordinary people on whom social designs are imposed. Here we are at the heart of the matter. Intellectuals perceive Solzhenitsyn's case against ideology, socialism, and Marxism as a general assault on intellectual freedom. It is a horrifying idea, as Richard Pipes put it, to take a German scribbler to task for

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what happened to Russia many years after his death.

Professions have become increasingly risky. Doctors are afraid of the epidemics of malpractice suits. Journalists are frightened by the wave of libel suits. We hire lawyers to sue lawyers for legal malpractice. And if this were not enough, here comes Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn with what many perceive as the case against wordsmiths for instigating mass murder. Naturally, the entire corporation, regardless of political persuasions, feels endangered. Although many intellectuals as individuals continue to admire Solzhenitsyn, the recent hostility, which cuts across ideological borders, is a corporate response. This is a correct response because Solzhenitsyn is indeed after the corporate power of ideas, that is, after ideologies.

Ironically, intellectuals, who as individuals need freedom more than anything else, impose servitude upon the world when they work as a corporate entity.

Solzhenitsyn has raised the issue, as yet unexplored by economists, of the hidden costs of ideas to people. Ideas are goods with two unique properties. First, they are both private goods, for they can in a sense be licensed, and public goods, for they can be used by others at no cost. Therefore, individual ideas may have tremendous hidden benefits for many generations. But ideas can also be abused by others at no cost to them and at real costs to the third parties. Therefore, individual ideas may also have tremendous hidden costs to the public. Ideas are as much public bads as they are public goods, and one cannot be sure what the eventual effect of an idea may be. Ideas are thus time-bombs.

Secondly, those who produce and transmit ideas enjoy doing their work. They circulate their merchandise even without real market demand for it. Naturally, they would like to generate demand for their goods. At the same time, their dealers are aware of the hidden costs for the public. There always is a danger that the costs of public goods or bads can be applied to the dealers of ideas. Historical precedents are abundant.

Some writers, myself included, can live with these sad facts of the market, namely low demand and potential bills. Others tend to circumvent the market. In order to do so, they incorporate ideas into loose or not-so-loose arrangements. These arrangements are ideologies.

One has to emphasize that ideologies are not the only type of socialized arrangements derived from ideas. Paul A. Samuelson in his classic paper, "An Exact Consumption-Loan Model of Interest with or without the Social Contrivance of Money" (*Journal of Political Economy*, December 1958), discussed how individual transactions may not be sufficient for human survival. Many goods are perishable, and people cannot store goods for their old age. Many goods lose their value on distant markets and people cannot operate efficiently. Therefore, people invented various arrangements, which Samuelson calls social contrivances. The most conspicuous of these is money. Another one is an implicit contract between children and parents for old age

security in exchange for previous support of the young. Those arrangements create social norms and customs which people take for granted. Although Samuelson says that these arrangements compensate for the failure of the markets, I would rather suggest that they are complementary to the markets. Social contrivances are voluntary private arrangements; they still operate through mutually beneficial individual transactions according to human preferences. Not so ideologies.

Ideologies, or Ideas Incorporated, substitute collective transactions between groups, classes, or nationalities for individual transactions. Ideologies work as collective arrangements, both when they remain within the network of intellectuals and when they are imposed on the public at large. Ideologies create collective behavior according to collective ideas and values which, in turn, should replace individual preferences. Here is the crux for Solzhenitsyn: despotisms impose constraints, ideological systems impose changes on individual preferences, on human nature.

Precisely in order to impose themselves on people, incorporated ideas and corporate networks of intellectuals need to employ institutions and institutionalize themselves in the state. Ironically, intellectuals, who as individuals need freedom more than anything else, impose servitude upon the world when they work as a corporate entity.

When collective behavior is substituted for individual behavior, the value of human life declines correspondingly. There are no limits in terms of human costs for ideological states. Once ideologies work as collective arrangements and constitute collective behavior, they take upon themselves the price an individual would otherwise pay for his actions. An individual has a constraint: he may refrain from a crime because he cannot afford the price, be it capital punishment, monetary penalty, revenge, or just expulsion from the market. Ideologies relax individual constraints, replace them with collective constraints. Ideologies, insists Solzhenitsyn, provide an environment for mass slaughter and for any crime against humanity. People turn into either guinea pigs or henchmen. Ideologies provide for their corporate members the very justification for enslavement and unlimited brutality. This applies, according to Solzhenitsyn, to all ideologies, to all ideas which opted for incorporation into ideologies, not to Marxism alone: Christianity, the superiority of Western civilization, patriotism, Nazism, etc.

Solzhenitsyn concludes that the main source of evil in the world is the very existence of ideological arrangements. This is a disquieting conclusion for all intellectuals, much more disconcerting than an economic philosophy that only related various assaults on freedom with ideas and ideologues, without making a cost-benefit analysis. The dealers of ideas do not want to bear individual responsibility for their unpredictable and precarious goods, nor risk their goods stored without use on dusty shelves. They complain that Solzhenitsyn wants to bring them to task. Actually, what Solzhenitsyn wants is to bring them back on the market.

This is what he proposed in his widely misunderstood *Letter to the Leaders of the Soviet Union*: separation between ideology and state. The dealers of ideas complain that Solzhenitsyn is after intellectual freedom and against freedom as such, but Solzhenitsyn is only out to get the collective free riders off people's backs.

THE IRON MAN OF HUMAN RIGHTS

by Gary Kern

Remembering Anatoly Marchenko

“We don’t like it when someone from outside teaches us how to live.” Thus spake Soviet spokesman Gennady Gerasimov in reaction to President Reagan’s emphasis on human rights this summer in Moscow. The Soviet leaders were displeased by Reagan’s decision to meet with dissidents during his free time away from the summit meetings with General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev, and they characterized the dissidents as “not the best representatives of Soviet society.” In this way they betrayed the old pre-*glasnost* view that human rights in the Soviet Union are entirely an internal affair. To be fully honest, Mr. Gerasimov should have added: “And we also don’t like it when someone from *inside* teaches us how to live.”

This incident recalled the example of Anatoly Marchenko, who struggled from within the Gulag system to teach the lesson that human rights are every human being’s affair. There was another reminder of Marchenko at the summit. Andrei Sakharov was present in Moscow to lend his support to Gorbachev’s program of *glasnost*, *demokratizatsiya*, and *perestroika*. Gorbachev, said Sakharov, deserved “a measure of trust in advance” for his program. But Sakharov himself was there in large measure because of Marchenko.

The Marchenko story held the headlines for a few days in December 1986 and then was swept away by the onrush of

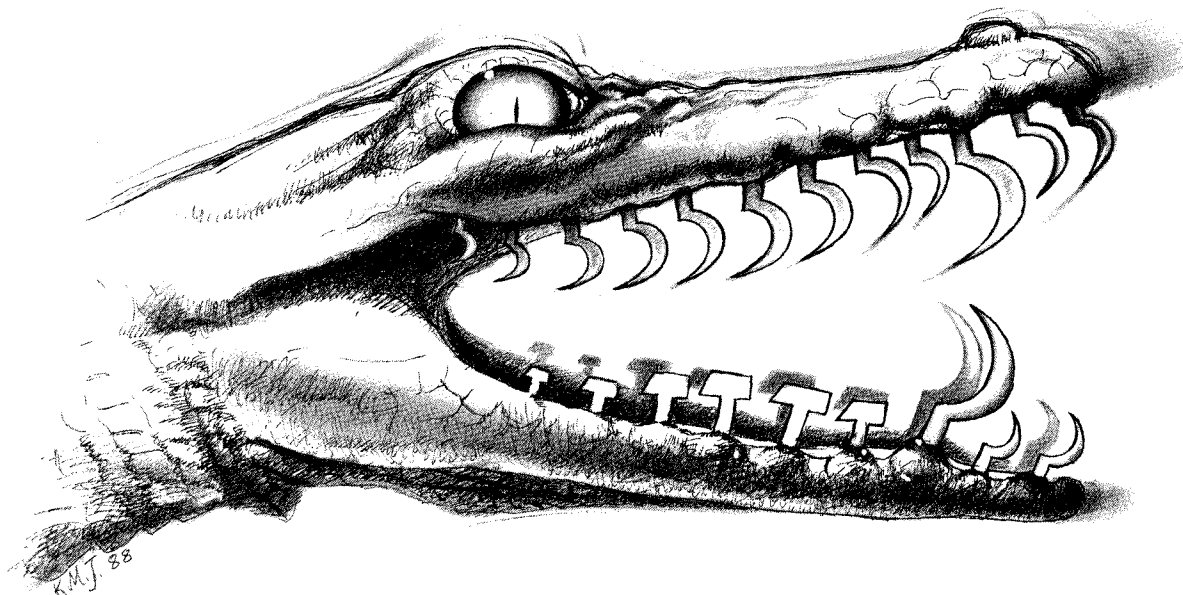
spectacular events. Obituaries and tributes appeared, but a full summary of the case was never made in our media. Yet the example of his lonely struggle endures. The Russians, of course, keep his memory alive. Both Soviet and émigré continue to speak of him, write about him, and argue about him, attesting to the fact that his life and death contain a moral force which cannot be forgotten, denied, or smoothed over.

Marchenko began his sixth term of imprisonment in 1981. The sentence: 10 years strict labor-camp regime and five years internal exile under Article 70 of the USSR Criminal Code (“Anti-Soviet Agitation and Propaganda”). The evidence against him: a book published in the West under the title *From Tarusa to Siberia*, describing his 1975 arrest, trial, and prolonged hunger strike, and his 1980 letter protesting the exile of Andrei Sakharov to the city of Gorky.

Earlier he had supported the “Prague spring” of 1968 and warned the Czech government of a possible Soviet invasion. He was actually brought to trial on the day of the invasion he predicted. In 1969 he wrote a powerful account of his labor-camp experiences, *My Testimony*.

Marchenko was sent to a labor camp in Perm (“Perm 35”). In December 1983, he was punished for writing a letter to the USSR Procurator General, Aleksandr Rekunkov, complaining about camp conditions. As other prisoners watched, camp supervisors handcuffed him and beat his head against a concrete floor until he lost consciousness. After this, Marchenko lost for a time the senses of sight, smell, and taste. For the remaining three years of his life, he suffered head pains, dizziness, nausea, and audible hallucinations. He was permitted to see his wife, Larisa Bogoraz, in April 1984, but never again thereafter. There were later reports of beatings. Sometime in early 1986, he was transferred from Perm 35 to Chistopol Prison, 600 miles east of Moscow, which has the strictest regime in the Soviet penal system. Fearing for Marchenko’s life, Sakharov appealed directly to Gorbachev in February. In May,

Gary Kern is a specialist in Soviet subjects. His translations from Russian include books by Mikhail Zoshchenko, the Strugatsky brothers, and Lev Kopelev. A collection of articles on Evgeny Zamyatin’s *We*, edited by Kern, has recently been published by Ardis Press.



Marchenko again addressed Rekunkov, writing that the punitive use of hunger, cold, beatings, and drugs had turned him into an "invalid." All of his protests, he added, had been ignored by the prison administration, which was continuing "to beat me to death."

Refusing to give in, Marchenko announced a hunger strike on August 4, demanding an end to the constant abuse of prisoners, an official inquiry into his 1983 beating, and permission to see his family. In a letter addressed to the Vienna Conference on the Observance of the Helsinki Accords, he gave examples of arbitrary punishments and criticized the Soviet government for considering the issue of human rights as "entirely an internal affair." The situation was truly bad: One week later, Mark Morozov, 55, physicist and computer specialist held under Article 70, died in Chistopol Prison of a "heart attack."

In September thousands of letters, telegrams, and petitions for Marchenko poured in to the Soviet authorities from Amnesty International's 3,600 groups in 60 countries. On October 5, the newly freed Yuri Orlov arrived in New York City from out of his Siberian exile and dedicated his first day of freedom to Marchenko. "This is Anatoly Marchenko day," he told the cheering crowd.

But in Chistopol, the treatment of Marchenko worsened. On October 8 or 9, he was thrown into the "cooler," deprived of heat, warm clothing, bed clothes, mattress, reading materials, letters, writing utensils. Such treatment was unspeakably brutal for a man who had endured over two months of fasting.

The world was presented a more generous picture of Soviet treatment at this time. Irina Ratushinskaya, serving a term under Article 70 for her poetry, suffering from high blood pressure, kidney trouble, and malnutrition, was released from the Women's Political Zone of Mordovian Camp ZhKH-395/3-4 and permitted to fly to London for medical treatment. This happy news and the surge of goodwill that it unleashed were transmitted worldwide on television screens on the eve of the Reykjavik Summit.

At that summit, President Reagan handed General Secretary Gorbachev an appeal for the release of Soviet prisoners of conscience. Marchenko was the most pressing case on the long scroll.

More than a month later, on November 21, Larisa Bogoraz was contacted by the KGB and told to fill out exit visas for herself, Anatoly, and their 13-year-old son Pavel to emigrate to Israel. Receiving the impression that Anatoly had not agreed to this move, she asked for a meeting, but was put off. As to his health, she was told: "Marchenko is feeling wonderful." Three days later she met again with the KGB and repeated her request to see Anatoly. Again she was promised an answer. But it never came, so she did not fill out the forms.

It is now believed that on November 25-26, officials from Moscow paid a visit to Marchenko in Chistopol prison. There are indications that he broke his fast on the latter day. Only one thing could cause Marchenko, a man of unbending principle, to call off the strike: the promise to meet his demands. It is therefore reasonable to believe that Marchenko was told that the problem of political prisoners in the Soviet Union would be resolved.

Nothing of this event reached the press at that time.

Instead, reports of the offer to free Marchenko suggested that his case was settled, if only he would agree to leave. A postcard from him requesting a food package, dated November 28, was sent to Bogoraz, indicating that he was alive and preparing to recover. But on December 9, she received a curt telegram from Chistopol Prison: "Your husband Marchenko Anatoly Tikhonovich expired in the hospital. Promptly inform the possibility of your arrival. Akhmadeyev." The message, she said later, struck her "straight in the heart." She made ready at once to travel to Chistopol.

The next day was Human Rights Day. Soviet officials blocked off Pushkin Square and held a news conference in Moscow—a preview of the 1987 fake "peace demonstration." Foreign Ministry spokesman Boris Pyadyshev gave the cause of Marchenko's death as "brain hemorrhage after a long illness." At the same meeting Andrei Sakharov was characterized as a criminal and his exile justified as entirely legal.

In Vienna, at the conference to which Marchenko had appealed, the American delegation proposed a minute of silence to honor Marchenko. This was one minute too long for the Soviet side, which walked out in protest. When it returned, Yuri Kashlev, Soviet Chief of Humanitarian and Cultural Affairs, accused American Ambassador Warren Zimmerman of trying to wreck the conference.

In Washington, President Reagan held a ceremony in the White House with Natan Shcharansky and Yuri Orlov. Marchenko was recalled as "a martyr who died for the cause of human rights in the Soviet Union."

In Chistopol, Larisa Bogoraz came to the prison gates with her son and seven friends. She was granted but a single meeting with the prison physician, who gave the cause of Marchenko's death as acute heart and lung failure due to dystrophy of the myocardia. This means, literally, an insufficiently nourished heart. This diagnosis was consistent with death caused by the hunger strike. The neuropathologist from the city hospital, however, made a diagnosis of "cerebral thrombosis," which is more consistent with death as a result of beatings. Questioned about Marchenko's condition prior to his death, the prison political director replied laconically: "He sometimes got up." This remark told the real story about a man said to be "feeling wonderful."

Bogoraz and the others were not permitted to visit the body. Nor was she permitted to transport it to Moscow for burial. It was held under guard by three agents of the secret police until the next morning, when a church service and funeral were allowed in Chistopol.

A bus was made available to the assembly, closely attended by a car of officials and plainclothes policemen. With difficulty the group of nine managed to wrest the plain pine coffin from the officials and carry it into the bus. At the Russian Orthodox Church, the casket was opened. Marchenko was very thin, with a partial beard and sunken cheeks. One report said purple bruises were visible on his body. For the service small icons were draped across his chest. Afterwards, the coffin was transported to a cemetery in the country. The burial was stark and bleak. Widow, son, and friends bore the plain pine box against a stiff wind to a pit opened in the frozen ground. They lowered it in a sheet and tossed in handfuls of earth as the officials stood by and

watched. Flowers were strewn on the mound. Larisa placed a white pine cross at the head. With a ballpoint pen she inscribed the name and dates.

Returning to Moscow from the funeral, she wrote:

Anatoly Marchenko died in battle. . . . This battle began for him a quarter century ago, and never, not once, did he throw out the white flag of surrender. . . . I ask everyone—both near and far—not to forget: The “Marchenko Case” is not closed. A universal political amnesty, freedom for all political prisoners—for this sacred cause Anatoly gave his life. . . .

Outside the USSR, Marchenko’s death provoked a storm of articles, letters, protests. Clearly it was a liability to Soviet public relations. Something had to be done to squelch the story. A remarkably daring, yet effective ruse was found. It was to create a bigger, better story.

That story was the release of Andrei Sakharov from his exile in Gorky. On December 10, he had been officially denounced, but on December 15, a telephone was installed in his apartment. The next day the first caller was Mikhail Gorbachev, enjoining him to return “to patriotic work.” Sakharov responded: “I am feeling very sad due to the murder of my friend Anatoly Marchenko in a prison hospital.” Gorbachev elected not to debate the word “murder,” but replied politely that he had studied Sakharov’s February appeal and had freed some of the prisoners on the list. But others, he said, were “special kinds of people.” By this admission, Gorbachev revealed that thought had indeed been given to Marchenko, and thumbs turned down.

Sakharov’s triumphant return to Moscow gave *glasnost* a boost at the end of the year and, despite his own reminders, served to eclipse the case of Marchenko. We can now see that all responsible officials, from Gorbachev to the jailer in Chistopol, knew perfectly well about Marchenko and determined to punish him. Without question, he was singled out for “special” treatment.

Why Marchenko? What made him stand out? Isn’t it possible he was simply passed over for more famous dissidents? After all, Shcharansky had the unstinting support of Jewish communities in Israel and the United States, Ratushinskaya captured world attention with her sad beauty and persecuted poetry, and the ailing David Goldfarb was spoken for by Lenin’s old buddy, Armand Hammer. What made Marchenko special?

Marchenko was an iron man. He wouldn’t give an inch. When confronted with the fake legality and brute force of the Gulag system, he took the position of refusal to cooperate. “Why should I make it easy for them?” he wrote. The obvious answer, which all other *zeks* understood at once—“because they will take it out on your hide”—apparently failed to persuade him. When a guard said, “Get over there!” Marchenko would reply, “I refuse to cooperate.” When a state interrogator asked, “Answer the questions; why do you make things difficult for us?” Marchenko would answer: “You already have all the answers.” When the prison doctor ordered him to open his mouth, “You’ve got to eat sooner or later,” Marchenko clamped his jaw and turned down his head.

And so, since he wouldn’t budge, they pushed him and shoved him, beat him, worked him, starved him, froze him, confined him, isolated him, deprived him of letters and visits from his wife, ignored his protests, denied him proper medical care, force-fed him through the nose, kicked him, controlled his access to the toilet, cursed him, threatened him, tempted him with sweets, sent him into exile, spied on him, harassed him, searched his house, burned it down, beat him on the street, rearrested him, gave him a new term and began all over again, and again, six times. After more than 20 years of this, his iron constitution was broken: concussions, ear infections, deafness, blindness, meningitis, heart trouble, malnutrition, gastric inflammations, rotten teeth, chills, and fevers had taken their toll. All these he regarded as documentary proof, facts to be reported as testimony. This testimony, of course, would be labeled “anti-Soviet propaganda.” Thus Marchenko entered a vicious circle: they beat him, he wrote about it, they beat him for this, he wrote about it . . .

The only escape was a compromise. In 1974 they offered to send him to Israel as part of the Jewish emigration. Others readily accept such an offer, then travel to the country of

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their choice. Marchenko refused, although his wife is Jewish. First, because he himself was not Jewish, and second, because he regarded Jewish emigration as a means of inspiring envy and anti-Semitic feelings in other Soviet nationalities. Everyone should be free to emigrate, was his nonnegotiable position. For himself, he wanted a passport to the United States. Not granted. When friends tried to persuade him, "Why don't you leave, Tolya?" his answer was typically childish and pure: "Why don't they leave?"

Dina Kaminskaya, the lawyer who once defended Marchenko, recalled a meeting with him in 1968, during a brief period of freedom before his arrest in August. She saw a man with a pale face, a very reserved manner of speaking and an ailing body. Fearing for his life, she pleaded with his wife to persuade him to give it up. Bogoraz answered that "Tolya" had made up his mind and could not be turned from his cause. Kaminskaya then addressed Marchenko himself with the same plea. His calm answer, as she related in the New York Russian-language newspaper *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, has stuck in her mind ever since: "It's worth it. For this it's not too much to sacrifice your life."

This inspiring example burns the old-guardists in the Soviet Union. At the end of April last year, the newspaper *Trud* ("Labor") published a violent attack on Marchenko's memory by Yury Vasiliev. With old-style, pre-*glasnost* invective, Vasiliev villified Marchenko as a liar, falsifier, criminal, corrupter of youth, sluggard, fascist, traitor, and collaborator with foreign anti-Soviet organizations. He even dragged in Marchenko's mother with a complaint that Tolya should have finished school. Vasiliev brazenly quoted

materials not made available to Bogoraz at the same time that he impugned her veracity. This vulgar calumny provoked letters of protest from Soviet human rights activists which found their way into *samizdat*. One such letter was reproduced in the new magazine *Glasnost* put out by Sergei Grigoryants, a former fellow-prisoner with Marchenko at Chistopol.

Marchenko sacrificed his life to one cause: real *pravda*. (The word means both "truth" and "justice.") In today's current phrases, this translates into real *glasnost*, real *demokratizatsiya*, real *perestroika*. We are grateful for the release of Soviet prisoners: Iosif Begun, Mikhail Rivkin, Valery Senderov, Sergei Grigoryants, Yegor Volkov, and many others. Yet others take their place in prison. Natan Shcharansky reminds us that there are five million people in Gulag, plus six million tied to Gulag. The number of prisoners of conscience can only be estimated. Shcharansky estimates five to ten thousand confined on purely political charges. As of this writing, no general amnesty for prisoners sentenced under Article 70 or 190-1 has been effected, nor have these infamous articles been revoked. The individual amnesties come as acts of grace, not as a legal process of correction and recompense for imprisonments that were wrong.

The world looks with hope to the new developments in Soviet Russia. But we should not be satisfied with half-measures, half-truths, half-freedoms. Marchenko set the standard. He was a man not for a day and not for a year, but for a whole lifetime. In total physical ruin and total spiritual might he made the complete statement.

SOVIET NUCLEAR WAR POLICIES

by Richard F. Staar

Americans are perennially tempted to believe that Soviet armament is a reaction to American armament, and therefore reversible by American disarmament. For years we allowed that hope to guide our military policy: beginning in the late 1960's, the United States exercised unilateral restraint in nuclear construction for more than a decade. American-produced ICBM warheads were deliberately designed to be ineffective against Soviet missile silos. By contrast, Soviet SS-18 and SS-19 warheads were built for maximum effectiveness against US silos. After the ABM treaty (1972), most American air defenses were dismantled, whereas the Soviets worked feverishly to improve their own and acquire the technology for an improved ABM system. So went the era of detente.

But the Soviet nuclear drive has roots in the beginning of

the nuclear age. In August 1945, a directive from the ruling party's central committee ordered that the US monopoly over atomic weapons be broken and delivery systems developed as soon as possible. More than 1,000 TU-4 bombers (copies of the B-29) were produced and the first ballistic missile was flight-tested in October 1947. During an interview, Khrushchev revealed that ABM research and development had started when ICBM's were first conceived (*New York Times*, September 8, 1961). As the table below indicates, the Soviets deployed three major systems ahead of the United States.

The basic tenets of Soviet military doctrine and strategy were formulated during 1953-1960, i.e., after Stalin's death, and Moscow dates its own "nuclear revolution in military affairs" from the time of Khrushchev's statement on the new doctrine before the Supreme Soviet (*Pravda*, January 15, 1960). Based on Russian-language publications, the following principles emerge: a war with the West will be the third and decisive conflict for world domination; a nuclear war should be avoided, although national liberation movements and revolutionary wars must be supported; if deterrence fails, the East must win by limiting damage to the USSR and ensuring viability of assets.

Soviet nuclear strikes must be decisive and followed by a combined arms offensive against Western Europe. Priority

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USSR

ATOMIC BOMB	_____	1949
HYDROGEN BOMB	_____	1953
ICBM	_____	1957
ABM	_____	1961
MIRV	_____	1968
NEUTRON BOMB	_____	1973

USA

ATOMIC BOMB	_____	1945
HYDROGEN BOMB	_____	1951
ICBM	_____	1958
ABM	_____	1960
MIRV	_____	1970
NEUTRON BOMB	_____	1981



targets for missiles include the enemy's nuclear delivery systems; command, control, and communications; and air defenses. Secondary targets are politico-administrative centers, military forces, support facilities, selected industries, and transportation. All of this is predicated on the nuclear superiority of the USSR.

Official publications endorse Soviet military superiority. The goal was advocated in all three editions of *Voennaia strategiya* by Marshal V.D. Sokolovskii and also in volume two of *Voennaia entsiklopedia* (1976), edited by Marshal A.A. Grechko, both ranking officers. The late Leonid Brezhnev initiated the current practice of denying military superiority as the USSR's objective. This policy appeared in volume three of *Voennaia entsiklopedia* (1977), edited by Marshal N.V. Ogarkov, formerly in charge of the armed forces deception (*maskirovka*) directorate, who had just been appointed chief-of-staff.

During the 1970's, the Soviets developed three essential ABM technologies: a small, movable phased-array radar for local defense; two new antiballistic missiles; and the *Ryad* computer. They also achieved the basis for deployment of an antisatellite system (*National Intelligence Estimate* November 3-8, 1980). During the current decade, they have deployed two new ICBM's, the silo-based and mobile SS-24, as well as the exclusively mobile SS-25. Follow-on models of the SS-18 and SS-24 are being flight-tested right now. The Delta IV class nuclear-powered submarine carries a new SS-N-23 MIRVed SLBM, and eight Typhoon class submarines will be operational by the end of 1989. Both the Backfire bombers (30 produced per year) and the heavy Blackjack, now in advanced development, will be able to

strike at North American targets.

For all this might, the targeting calculus that has determined the size and composition of Soviet strategic nuclear forces would be upset by any type or degree of ABM defense deployed by the United States. Even a limited US defense would undermine the probability of enemy missile penetration. Furthermore, the race to develop "exotic" ABM technology is extremely expensive and questionable for the USSR. President Reagan's offer at Reykjavik to share mature SDI technology probably was regarded by Gorbachev as deception. The Soviets have a healthy respect for US potential and are loath to engage in an all-out technological race, even though they have been developing directed energy weapons systems for many years.

It is clear that the USSR has never shared the limitations set by the United States on strategic program goals. The Soviet objective has always been and remains to remove any effectiveness from US second strike forces. The steady shift in national priorities toward the military since the late 1950's is proof of Moscow's war-winning and damage-limiting objectives.

However, overt military aggression appears to be the least likely course of action. The Soviets have achieved a margin of military superiority over the West and will attempt to improve it. Their objective will not be met by some early timetable for war. The Kremlin perceives three advantages in military superiority: it makes the leaders feel more secure, it strengthens foreign policy in the effort to break up NATO, and it constitutes a "safe conduct pass" for assisting so-called national liberation and other revolutionary movements in the Third World.

NEITHER LAW NOR JUSTICE by Arnold Beichman

A few weeks ago, I was listening to Radio Moscow's Joe Adamov answering mail-in questions from his North American audience. One query came from somebody in Nova Scotia: How important was Stalin to the Soviet victory in World War II? Adamov's answer went like this:

Stalin's contribution to the war effort had been nil. Before the war, Stalin had executed some 50,000 officers for no reason. In fact, when the Nazis invaded the USSR, there was such a dearth of general officers that captains were put in command of whole divisions. There was no alternative. But Adamov neglected to say that, thanks to scholars like Robert Conquest, the free world had known all this for at least a quarter century.

According to Conquest, Stalin in the late 1930's had executed 14 of the 16 army commanders, 60 of the 67 corps commanders, and 136 of the 199 divisional commanders. Half the officer corps—about 35,000—were shot or sent to labor camps. All 11 of the vice-commissars of defense and 75 out of 80 members of the Supreme Military Soviet went. Comparing Adamov's figures with Conquest's, it seems that the British historian had erred on the side of scholarly caution.

As I listened to Adamov's rabid anti-Stalinism, I thought of how, when the Party line mutates, things seem to change in the USSR almost overnight. In 1986, I had asked an assembly of Soviet media representatives at the Hall of Journalists in Moscow how Stalin could have happened without the complicity of the Soviet Communist Party. The answer was a mumble about "the cult of personality" but not a word about Stalin. And here, just two years later, was an official Soviet mouthpiece telling the (English-speaking) world—and I quote Adamov, his voice trembling—"the people won the war despite Stalin, not because of Stalin." Millions of Soviet citizens died needlessly because of Stalin's admitted military incompetence.

I thought of those in the West who had been consistently anti-Stalin even during World War II and who had been berated for their unseemly red-baiting, for "aiding" the Nazis by deprecating rather than glorifying the heroic Stalin, for uttering the heresy that Stalin was the enemy of everything good and decent. And now here was Comrade Adamov confirming that Stalin was a villain, a monster, just as the now-forgotten Khrushchev had claimed in his 1956 speech, when he told his Party associates about how Stalin had almost lost the war. It took 22 Soviet years for the truth finally to surface.

I don't mean to knock Joe Adamov. After all, he's saying a lot more about Stalin than Gorbachev has. For example, liquidating a "social class," as Stalin did the peasantry, is no more than a venial sin to Gorbachev since he has yet to denounce the Great Terrorist with Khrushchevian candor. As President Nixon has written: "To a man [Stalin] who killed tens of millions of Soviet citizens Gorbachev gave a

pat on the back and a slap on the wrist." Gorbachev, said Nixon, has also endorsed Stalin's brutal collectivization program and praised—in Gorbachev's own words—the "tremendous political will, purposefulness and persistence, ability to organize and discipline the people displayed in the war years by Joseph Stalin." That's like saying Hitler "disciplined" the Jews.

My thoughts wandered off to the extraordinary Soviet Communist Party conference convened by Mikhail Gorbachev in Moscow in May 1988. Some weeks before the conference, the Soviet press published pages of "theses"—agenda items for delegate discussion—prepared by the Party's Central Committee.

Section Eight of the theses dealt with the rule of law. Contained in the formulation was the implicit admission that the rule of law had not played much of a role in the Soviet political system. The "thesis" text is written in typically clotted Communesque:

A major legal reform must be implemented with a view to improving radically the work of all bodies which are obliged to strengthen legality and defend the democratic principles of state life and citizens' rights and freedoms. The priority measures . . . include the radical enhancement of the role of justice, and strict observance of the democratic principles of the legal process, the adversarial nature and equality of both sides, openness, and the presumption of innocence.

The rule of law as a popular issue has come to the forefront since Gorbachev began his "glasnost" (*glasnost* + *perestroika*) policies. In April, the chairman of the USSR Supreme Court, Vladimir Terebilov, in an interview with *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, had called for amendments to the Soviet Constitution to guarantee the independence of the Soviet courts. Such a guarantee was essential to prevent state or party officials from influencing the decisions of the courts, he said. (Just like those untrustworthy Russian émigré scholars had been saying all along!)

Sadly, Supreme Court Chairman Terebilov's moral position was fast deteriorating. He himself was being accused of fiddling with court records. Just a few months earlier, *Glasnost*, the dissident Russian journal, reported that Terebilov had ordered the destruction of Soviet legal files dating from the bloody 1930's to the 1950's at the rate of 5,000 dossiers a month! (Before he became chairman of the Soviet Supreme Court, Terebilov had been Minister of Justice.)

For decades, a school of Western specialists in Soviet law (or "Marxist-Leninist jurisprudence") have been insisting that a definable rule of law operates in the Soviet Union. One of the early pioneers of this lie, along with his contemporaries Beatrice and Sidney Webb, was Harold J. Laski, the British historian and Labour Party chairman in 1945. He described one of the most odious of Stalin's henchmen—Andrei Vishinsky, Stalin's prosecutor during the purges of the 1930's—in these words:

Arnold Beichman, a Washington Times columnist, is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution. He is writing a book on Soviet treaty diplomacy.

I found [Vishinsky] a man whose passion was law reform . . . He was doing what an ideal Minister of Justice would do if we had such a person in Great Britain—forcing his colleagues to consider what is meant by actual experience of the law in action. He brought to the study of the law in operation an energy which we have not seen in this country since the days of Jeremy Bentham.

What does a rule of law mean? Everything that the proposed Thesis Section Eight covers, meaning that none of these protections existed in the Soviet past nor do they exist now. If they did, what would there be to reform?

Some Western experts argued that, while the Soviet version of the rule of law was hardly identical to its Western counterpart, still there were points of similarity. But it took Gorbachev's *glasnost* to make a mockery of this melioristic Western view of Soviet jurisprudence. And even now Gorbachev de facto parodies the idea of the rule of law.

The Central Committee's Thesis Section Eight demands "strict observance of the democratic principles of the legal process." But how can you have that in the absence of a democratic, constitutional system of government to turn proclaimed rights into practical rights? Who's going to ensure the "strict observance?" The KGB, the Politburo, the Central Committee? Supreme Court Chairman Terebilov? And who will dare, in the face of inevitable reprisals, to ensure that the "presumption of innocence" principle is not violated by the KGB?

On July 21, 1988, for example, the *New York Times* reported that Armenia's best known dissident, Paruir A. Airikyan, had been stripped of his citizenship by the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet and expelled from the country. He had been arrested in March and charged with fomenting ethnic unrest in connection with the Nagorno-Karabakh campaign. The Presidium took this action, said the government announcement, for "actions discrediting the high title of a citizen of the USSR and harming the prestige of the Soviet Union."

In any country where there is a rule of law, a citizen (or even a noncitizen) could legally fight such a decree. His attorney could appeal the finding, or go to a court and get a stay of execution of the Presidium order. The defendant could sue for a trial on the facts, or insist on his right to appear before the Presidium, with counsel or without. What happened to Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Vladimir Bukovsky, and other Soviet dissidents in the Brezhnev era of "stagnation" (as it is now called in the USSR) has happened to Airikyan in the Gorbachev era of *glasnost*.

There is no rule of law in the Soviet Union because there is neither an enforceable constitution nor an independent judiciary to guarantee the doctrine of constitutionalism, defined by Alexander Bickel as "a special kind of law which establishes a set of pre-existing rules within which society works out all its other rules from time to time." Constitutionalism cannot exist until the monopoly power of the Soviet Communist Party is dismantled.

What there is today in the Soviet Union and what will continue to exist even under Gorbachev the Reformer is what is called "instructive law" or "secret instructions." Invisible and unaccountable to the public, this system of

party directives to operational agencies affords party officials, *nomenklatura* appointees and their friends—in other words, the ruling class—the protection of the "law" denied to ordinary citizens.

What passes for the rule of law are really instructions handed down from top officials to judges and prosecutors as to how specific cases are to be decided. There is no appeal from these instructions, which have been described by Professor Robert Sharlet of Union College as representing "legal arbitrariness."

Writing in January, shortly after Gorbachev's ascension as Party General Secretary, Professor Sharlet predicted that "if past experience is any guide, odds are that many years will pass before legality overcomes political expediency in the Soviet Union." And in 1988, his prophecy has yet to be disproven.

Basing his findings on a spate of books dealing with Soviet law, Professor Sharlet says that "party leaders . . . frequently adopt a cavalier attitude toward their own laws." He writes:

The Politburo, which has historically defined itself as a meta-juridical institution above and outside the law it creates, routinely bypasses budget law, for example, in order to procure funding for unforeseen exigencies, and it regularly orders or permits ad hoc amendments to planning law in order to overcome unexpected difficulties.

In the meantime, however, we have Thesis Section Eight, a tacit admission that some seven decades after the Bolshevik Revolution the Soviet Union is still without the rule of law and that the Communist Party leadership, wealthy in privilege and in property, is still beyond the law. As for Thesis Section Eight and what happened to it at the Party Conference—don't listen to what they say, but watch what they do.

One of the most influential figures in the Soviet Union and the leading proponent of Soviet civil law was Olympiad Solomonovich Ioffe, a man who had published 30 books, some of them to be found in Western law libraries. He was for a long time head of the civil law faculty at the University of Leningrad. Ioffe was probably the most popular teacher at the law school, according to Logan Robinson, a Harvard Law School exchange student whose experiences were published in 1982 as *An American in Leningrad*.

Ioffe was well-known to Western scholars who specialized in Soviet jurisprudence. He was a true believer who in his 40-year career had played a major role in the post-Stalin drafting and recodification of Soviet civil law. He justified Catch-22 regulations in Soviet civil law no matter how unfair they were in practice, and he derided students, especially foreigners like Robinson, who had the bourgeois audacity to criticize such regulations.

Ioffe, the true believer in Soviet jurisprudence, finally found it necessary to emigrate in 1981 after a short career as a refusenik. Upon his arrival in the US, Olympiad Solomonovich Ioffe was appointed to the Harvard Law School faculty. *Sic transit gloria legis Sovietici*.



Reader's Digest by Russell Kirk

"Ask the booksellers of London what is become of all these lights of the world."

—Edmund Burke

A Reader's Delight by Noel Perrin, Hanover, NH: University Press of New England.

Some 40 nonclassic books are discussed by Professor Perrin in this pleasant volume of literary preferences. By a classic, Noel Perrin means a work that everyone recognizes as highly important, even though one may never have opened it: something like Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Here he gives us, instead, a number of good books that he has enjoyed and thinks you and I would enjoy—a few pages to each book.

To my delight, I find that Dr. Perrin dislikes the books I dislike—among them *Silas Marner*, most of William Dean Howells' fiction, and (I infer) the

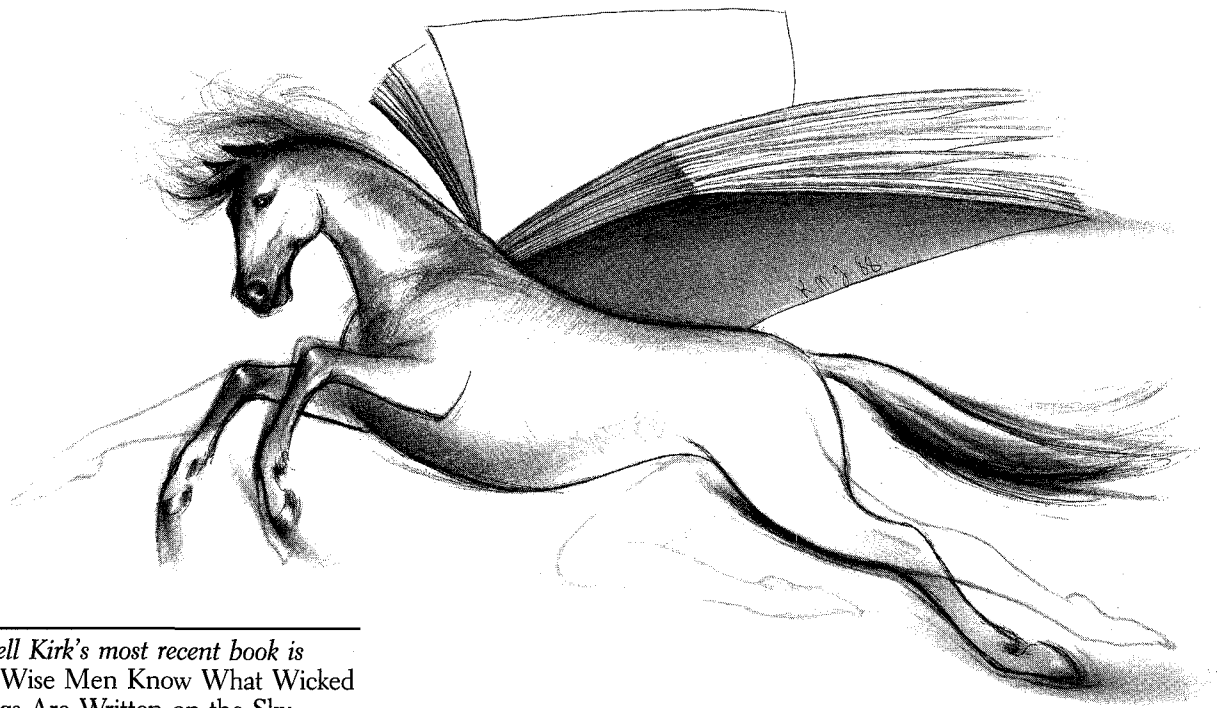
bulk of the rubbishy novels that are thrust upon us by the big book-review media nowadays. What is still better, I find among his 40 volumes some of the authors I most cherish. Permit me to set down a few succinct comments on some of those writers described by Perrin and approved by Kirk.

First of all we encounter Freya Stark, the most percipient of those talented Englishwomen who have written wisely about their travels in distant lands. Perrin commends her Iranian adventures and observations in *The Valleys of the Assassins*, the first Stark book that I happened upon. I like especially her *Rome on the Euphrates*, a remarkable piece of historical interpretation; and her volume of short essays, *Perseus in the Wind*. (I included her essay "Choice and Toleration" in

my anthology *The Portable Conservative Reader*.) Because he began with Freya Stark, I knew at once that I would concur with most of Perrin's 40 choices.

A few pages later, Perrin gives us Robert Graves' magical but prophetic romance of the future, *Watch the North Wind Rise* (which in its original British edition was entitled *Seven Days in New Crete*). In my book, *Enemies of the Permanent Things*, I discuss at some length this fable of decadence at the end of the 20th century and of the renewal of the human condition through a reawakening to the transcendent. Once I sat in Graves' house at Deyá, talking with him of magic (which he practiced); and to find that Perrin, too, much admired this romance—the least-known of Graves' many books—gave me an uncanny start. Like a good many other books among Perrin's 40 preferences, *Watch the North Wind Rise* is hard to find today.

Cheek by jowl with Graves, in *A Reader's Delight*, is George Ade of



Russell Kirk's most recent book is *The Wise Men Know What Wicked Things Are Written on the Sky*.

Indiana, with his *Fables*. Forty years ago I founded the George Ade Society of East Lansing, Michigan. Here is my favorite line from Ade: "It is hard to be blasé in a town that calls it blaze." (Indeed, I borrowed that sentence to insert in my African novel *A Creature of the Twilight*.) It is heartening to find Ade still beloved at Dartmouth, where Dr. Perrin adorns the department of English.

We pass by Stendahl, Gwen Raverat, and Henry King (not that I disdain them) to arrive at Ernest Thompson Seton's *Wild Animals I Have Known*, a prime favorite of my youth. I liked still better, though, Thompson Seton's *Two Little Savages*, recently reprinted—which I tried in vain to read to my daughters; distinctly it is a boy's book. Don't miss therein the battle between the skunk and the mother cat.

From Seton's wildernesses we tumble most abruptly into the London of that high-minded Cockney named Charles Williams: for Perrin, like this writer, takes *All Hallows' Eve* for the best and scariest of Williams' romances. Along with Walter de la Mare (appreciated later in this *Reader's Delight*), Williams much influenced my own tales of the mystical and the uncanny, in my collections *The Princess of All Lands* and *Watchers at the Strait Gate*.

We cannot touch here upon all of Perrin's selections, which are wide-ranging in the realm of letters. I come upon old friends, often unexpectedly, in many of his chapters. Why, here's Henry Adams, who was accorded a chapter in my book *The Conservative Mind*. Perrin praises Adams' realistic novel *Democracy*, as I do. He even mentions Baron Jacobi, a character in *Democracy*, whom I am forever quoting on the persistence of political corruption in this republic.

Ernest Bramah, Joseph Mitchell, W.N.P. Barbellion, Bryher, Lord Dunsany, Eric Newby—how those names conjure up for my mind's eye days or nights when I read those men of letters in a Scottish country house, or in Palermo, or in Rabat, or at my great-grandfather's house in the back country of Michigan! Dr. Perrin and I differ substantially, nevertheless, on the merits of recent novelists; I would name as my favorites only one or two

of his selection (classics aside, of course).

But we concur in praise of Rose Macaulay, whose *A Casual Commentary* is named by Perrin; I would have selected her travels in antique lands, *Pleasure of Ruins*, or her novel *The Towers of Trebizond* (which last is mentioned by Perrin, too).

The only directly polemical or didactic book among Perrin's 40 is C.S. Lewis' *They Asked for a Paper*; and that (one of Lewis' lesser-known collections) argumentative only in part. "I dare to recommend Lewis in his scholarly role to the general reader," Perrin writes, "because he is that rarity among great scholars, a person with a clear and extremely readable prose style. . . . Lewis is amazing in his ability to express the full complexity of a thing in language as clear and ringing as crystal." Well put!

A *Reader's Delight*, as Perrin implies above, is intended for the General Reader or Common Reader: the sort of tolerably educated, intellectually quick person whom I have had in mind when writing my own books. Are Common Readers a dying breed nowadays? TV, video, and all such gadgets harass or seduce the Common Reader day in and day out. Books are priced so high that only the better public or institutional libraries can afford to purchase many of them; and the more book prices rise, the fewer purchasers may be found; thus the process becomes cumulative, price per book being increased to compensate for diminishing sales.

A dozen of the books commended by Dr. Perrin are out of print, though all but two of these may be obtained on interlibrary loan. Those two, he informs us, were published in London but not in the United States. Perrin mentions that his newspaper articles about out-of-print books have thrice persuaded publishers to bring out new printings or editions. A published lecture by this reviewer recently produced similar results. More Common Readers may survive than publishers surmise. As the number of decent oldfangled bookshops continues to diminish, more and more Common Readers must be reached by publishers' catalogs sent through the mails.

Not one of us Common Readers, probably, if required to name and

describe 40 favorite nonclassic books after the fashion of *A Reader's Delight*, would draw up precisely Dr. Perrin's catalog—although it is doubtful if any informed Common Reader would be inclined to reject every book on the Perrin roster. Every man to his humor, in the republic of letters. Our private tastes are formed in part by what books we may have found to hand in youth, or what we have read at happy or solemn moments later in life, or by other personal circumstances.

As T.S. Eliot reasoned, it is not important what books we read, as that we should all read the same books. But he was referring in this passage to the great books upon which our literary culture is founded: the Greek and Roman classics, Dante, Shakespeare, Samuel Johnson, a few others. Every nominally educated man or woman should have been introduced to those writers, that there may be formed a common ground of thought and imagination; otherwise, intellectual and spiritual disorder and gross misunderstanding prevail.

It is not with such indispensable books that Dr. Perrin is concerned in *A Reader's Delight*, however; he leaves us free to name those books that have moved us greatly, whether or not they may be classified as immortal prose or poetry. When asked once what lines had most affected him, Sir Osbert Sitwell truthfully replied, "Froggie would a-wooing go,/ Whether his mother would let him or no." (That impending doom!) In most of us, certain books have touched a nerve, over the years; and often we feel impelled to persuade friends or students to take up those particular volumes, that they too may be moved for the better, or find consolation, or have imagination roused, or merely be tickled by wit.

My own library is lodged in a biggish brick building that once was a factory: a good place to read and write in the small hours. Some people think I have 10,000 volumes; I never have counted them; anyway, they are all good books, for I weed the shelves annually. Perrin would like the place. Might I select 40 of my books after the Perrin fashion: not the great famous books, but delightful ones—books worthy of being carried into eternity by one's soul, supposing that a bookish man might pass through the eye of a needle more

easily than a rich man?

It would be an agonizing reappraisal, that final weeding of the shelves. Well, let me set down here merely three such books from my own library, by way of supplementing Perrin's 40 and suggesting what a rich diversity of choices every one of us Common Readers possesses.

One of those three might be *Dreamthorp*, by Alexander Smith, a little book of meditations published in 1863—once well-known, but now seldom mentioned. The Scots borough of Dreamthorp, by its loch, is modeled upon the real town of Linlithgow, now sadly altered from what it was in Smith's day. Those Common Readers who know George Gissing's slim volume *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*—which is to be regarded as a classic, I suppose, else I would include it among my three—will understand my strong affection for *Dreamthorp*, its serenity tinged with graceful melancholy. I do counsel you, Common Readers, to read Smith's essays "On Death and the Fear of Dying" and "A Shelf in My Bookcase."

Another of those three might be

Arthur Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets* (1894), I being something of a connoisseur of tumbledown lanes myself. These are realistic stories of London's East End, grim if often humorous, by a man who was no sentimentalist. I cannot resist mentioning also Morrison's two novels of the slums, *A Child of the Jago* and *The Hole in the Wall*, full of terror, full of fortitude. "The Hole in the Wall" is an East End pub; the novel commences engagingly, "My grandfather was a publican—and a sinner, as you will see."

Dr. Perrin's list began with a lady, and mine must end with one: Iris Origo, the half-American granddaughter of an Irish Earl, the wife of an Italian marquis. Her charmingly written studies of medieval Tuscany are models of humane scholarship. But her book that I would carry with me for eternal delight would be *War in Val d'Orca*, a journal of her precarious existence in rural Tuscany during the Second World War, when she and her husband gave shelter to partisans and escaped prisoners of war and various waifs and strays (published in 1947).

Or should I choose, instead, her wise and elegant memoirs, *Images and Shadows*? Should I buy a bigger bookbag for my celestial travels, and crowd in all her books?

But enough of trying to pick and choose among the thousands of books on my shelves, some of which I have read but once, and others not at all! That way lies madness. Noel Perrin means to divert us, not to confine us within literary ramparts.

His is the latest endeavor at calling to our attention books that wake sound sentiments or rouse the imagination. Of earlier lively ventures of this kind, I commend particularly Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's *The Art of Reading* (1920) and Montgomery Belgion's *Reading for Profit* (1945)—both of these being, however, somewhat systematic studies, which *A Reader's Delight* does not pretend to be. Browse in Perrin's book for the fun of it; doubtless he will be content if he has helped to redeem a few souls from servitude to the boob tube or the tawdry fascinations of the best-seller list.

Yankee Slavers by Clyde Wilson

"Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil."

—Edmund Burke

Proslavery: A History of the Defense of Slavery in America, 1701-1840 by Larry E. Tise, Athens and London: University of Georgia Press; \$40.

The better part of a century ago, the great scholar A.E. Housman observed that most of the new books that came across his desk served no purpose whatever "except to interrupt our studies." This is certainly the case today with the vast literature in American history. And, generally speaking, the more prestigious the publisher and the institution of higher education after the

author's name, the more useless the book is.

That is not true, however, in regard to the work in review, which exhibits truly what many dust jackets proclaim falsely: original research and insight and real "relevance" in pursuit of the historian's duty to make the past comprehensible and usable. That is, *Proslavery* cuts through existing conventions and old propaganda and uncovers fresh and truthful aspects of that great middle era of American history which preceded the Civil War. What Tise has discovered will disappoint and demoralize many, I suspect, but a society which engages in convenient forgetfulness and comforting distortion about critical aspects of its past is at least as deluded and in need of therapy as an individual

who does so.

It is not too much to say that what Tise brings to light suggests the need for major revisions in American intellectual and religious history, as they have been commonly recounted. And, though unintended, the book also creates a new and interesting perspective on the genealogy of the American right and left, whatever they may be. Nor does it detract from the credit of the author that the evidence he adduces has always been obvious in the historical record for anyone who has eyes to see that it really should not be surprising. Because American historians, in general, are incapable of thinking except along the lines of conventions that have been prefabricated for them, and often look without seeing, it is always an achievement to break through their orthodoxies. For the evidence presented here has not been so much unknown as it has been deliberately thrust from conscious recognition.

To place this book among the many books on slavery, we need to look

Clyde Wilson is the editor of *The Papers of John C. Calhoun*.

closely at its time period, its intellectual terrain, and its geographical focus. The time period is what Tise calls the "neglected period" of proslavery thinking, before the political intensification of the issue in the mid-decades of the 19th century (though he overlaps both ways when useful). It is an era covered from the other, antislavery, side by David Brion Davis in his superb *Slavery in the Age of Revolution*. This leads us to what many will find an unexpected intellectual terrain and geographical focus. To put an elaborately developed description succinctly, Tise finds every phase of the intellectual defense of black slavery fully developed in the North among the most respectable thinkers at a period before the South had even been prodded into any militant consciousness on the issue.

He finds this among conservative Northerners, if we define conservatives as persons who were alarmed by the French Revolution into developing a defense for traditional society. (And we must remember, unpalatable as the truth may be, that the subordination of the black people into a laboring caste was a long-established and pervasive tradition in the United States, and indeed throughout the New World, by the end of the 17th century.)

But the most shocking part of the findings for moderns will be the prominent role played by the Northern clergy in the full development of the articulated defense of Negro slavery in the United States as a part of the accepted order of things. For moderns, the unchristian nature of slavery seems self-evident. But, alas, this is not much more than provincialism in time. Antislavery is not biblical; it is a quite recent notion, which draws its impetus from "modernization."

It is true that the abolition movement rested in considerable part upon religious impulses as they developed from the intellectual and social ferment of the Northern form of evangelicalism during the 19th century, when a new and very American synthesis was made between democracy and Christianity. But it is also true that the greater part of the orthodox clergy in the North, at least at the beginning, opposed abolitionism strenuously. (Sympathetic historians of antislavery have always known that the abolitionists' hardest battles were their early ones, in the North.) The opponents of abolition among the Northern clergy were not simply the musty standpatters—they were often among the ablest, most articulate, and most creative leaders of their denominations. And they were found in *all* of the major Protestant denominations, as well as among Catholics and Jews (to the extent that they were present in those days).

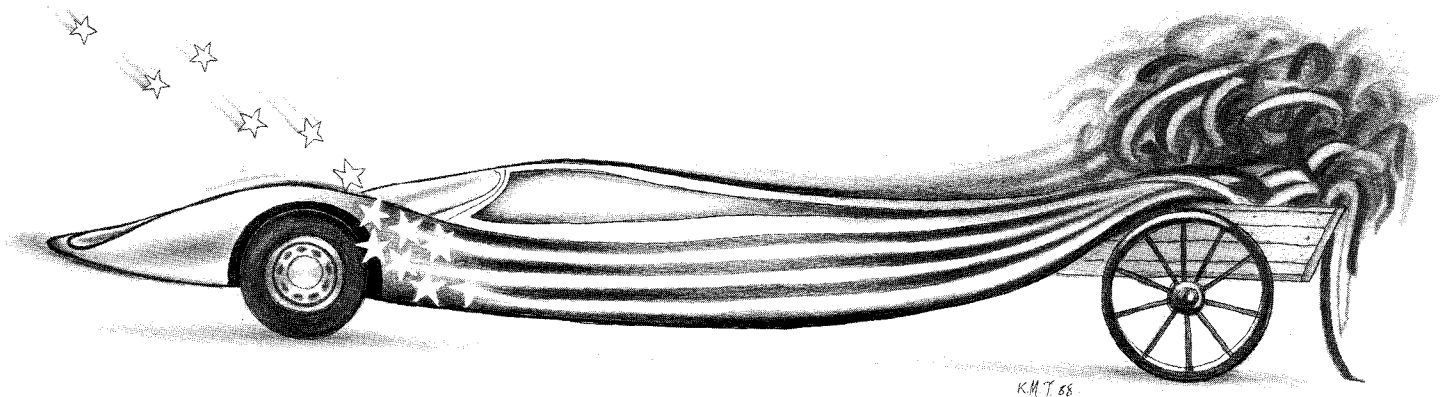
By influence and by migration to the South these clergymen provided the South with a ready-made defense when the time came. As Tise sees it—if I read him rightly—the South emerged from the Revolution basically Jeffersonian in its political ideals, despite its social structure. It accepted slavery as a kind of disagreeable necessity that had grown up, but did not undertake a philosophical defense, in part because it would have been in obvious conflict with its Jeffersonianism, in part because it had not been until the 1830's prodded into the need for any articulate defense.

In other words, for Tise the history of early 19th-century America is marked by a reactionary anti-egalitarianism which rises in the North and spreads to the South. There cannot be any legitimate quarrel with the evi-

dence that he has accumulated, though, of course, historians can and doubtless will quarrel about the import and the perspective. Indeed, I must part company with the perspective. For Tise, the development of an articulated conservatism at this period constitutes a repudiation of the egalitarianism of the American Revolution, and is therefore reactionary. But he greatly overestimates the egalitarian and especially the antislavery implications of both the Revolution and Jeffersonianism. That is, he makes assumptions about the egalitarianism of the Revolution that may not be defensible and may never have been accepted by the persons he thinks repudiated them. One can repudiate the tendencies of the French Revolution without in any way betraying the American.

By overestimating the antislavery element in the American Revolution, he portrays abolitionism as less of an innovation than it was, and the defense of slavery (which by his own and much other evidence was traditional) as more innovative than it was. Nor was there any real incompatibility between Jeffersonianism and the defense of slavery. The defense of slavery appeared in the South earliest and strongest precisely among the strictest Jeffersonians, and was not unknown among Northern Jeffersonians. If there had never been any French Revolution, the defense of slavery in America would have still taken the same course of reasoning from biblical and traditional authorities, bolstered by states rights, since these were the native intellectual matter of Americans.

For Tise, then, the Northern thinkers who defended slavery constituted a kind of counterrevolutionary conspiracy which defended the existing system of black bondage because it deplored



all egalitarian and revolutionary tendencies. But this is to set up the situation the wrong way and to shift the burden of innovation from the abolitionists to the preservers of the status quo, which tends to interfere with a proper understanding of both groups.

He sees proslavery sentiment in the North as closely linked to the sternest forms of conservative New England federalism, which, alarmed by the French Revolution, repudiated the American Revolution and moved toward the consolidation and defense of hierarchical, traditional, religious society. There is a good deal of truth there, but I think I could very easily, by looking at other evidence, find a genealogy within New England federalism for abolitionism as well. Certainly the Southern defenders of slavery usually saw this as the case.

To put it another way, while correctly identifying the existence of vigorous proslavery sentiment in the North, he mislocates its center and considerably underestimates its overall weight. By using some of his own evidence and other sources, I could create a convincing argument that while certain Northern federalists did indeed defend slavery on conservative grounds, the defense of slavery was even stronger among the Jeffersonians of the North than it was among the federalists.

The Jeffersonians, after all, were dedicated to states rights and strict construction of the Constitution as it stood and to an economic philosophy that coincided with the South's. John C. Calhoun at the height of his career of sectional defense of the South had a considerable number of admirers in the North. These were not among the "conservatives" (in Northern terms) but among the most zealous "liberals"—for instance, the young radical, Orestes Brownson, and Fitzwilliam Byrdsall, historian of the New York "Locofocos." (Of course we must realize that a "liberal" in those days was not the same thing as a "progressive" in Whiggish and modern terminology.)

Thus Tise tends to suggest that Northerners who sympathized with the South before and during the Civil War were conspiratorial federalist millionaires who believed in the Bavarian Illuminati. There were some people of that type who favored the Confedera-

cy, but in fact, by my reading of history, people of that type were far, far more likely to be abolitionists and Republicans. Southern sympathizers like Franklin Pierce, Clement Vallandigham, and others came overwhelmingly out of a Jeffersonian background. This is clear even in much of Tise's own evidence. Such slavery defenders as Charles J. Ingersoll of Pennsylvania, James K. Paulding of New York, and John Mitchel, the Irish revolutionary, were Democrats and do not fit the stereotype of reactionary New England clerics. A considerable portion of both the "liberals" and the "conservatives" of the North defended the South's regime, right up to and, in some cases, even after the rumble of guns in Charleston harbor.

To take this analysis a bit further, we have to accept the truth that a 19th-century "liberal" was not a progressive in the modern sense. The liberal elements in American society, those most strongly in favor of democracy and equality for white men, were also, generally speaking, the strongest supporters of white supremacy, of limited government, and of traditional (anti-egalitarian) social arrangements, and looked to the South as their political mainstay. On the other hand, the "conservative" elements—those in favor of social hierarchy and economic privilege—in the North were also the "progressives" who wanted forward movement in society, by government action if necessary, and found the South a political and social impediment.

It would be tremendously comforting for the modern liberal if majority rule, racial egalitarianism, and social progressivism always went together, and indeed much of accepted American history is written as if they did. But, in fact, such has seldom been the case in the reality of living, breathing America—whether in the pre-Civil War era, in the Progressive era, or, dare we say, in the present. Historically it is quite clear that enthusiasm for the common man has often gone hand-in-glove with white supremacy, and racial egalitarianism has often been accompanied by indifference or contempt for the common man.

I am sure that most will find this even more discouraging than Tise's perspective and that many will not and

cannot accept it. It does not particularly discourage me, because I do not expect history to be convenient and pleasing. The lessons it teaches are usually a good deal sterner than the inevitable triumph of democracy and progress. As I sometimes tell students who really want to know: History is like life—it is a good deal tougher, more complicated, and more ambivalent than television.

It was really not part of the author's purpose to provide a theory of the origins of the American right and left, except insofar as he adopts certain assumptions about the nature of the American Revolution. It would thus be unfair of me to quarrel with him in this regard. Indeed, he has given us, even if unintentionally, much food for thought in regard to the historical development of the right and left in America, a highly problematic intellectual puzzle which happens to interest me, and for which I believe no adequate theory has ever been provided.

Of course, a great deal depends on how you define such terms as liberal and conservative, and when dealing with them historically one is always shooting at a moving target. Such questions cannot be easily settled, and it may even be that it is impossible. But it does seem to me that the evidence of *Proslavery* has to be taken into account by anyone who takes an honest interest in constructing a genealogy of American conservatism.

How should American conservatives relate to the Civil War, for instance? I do not believe this question has ever been answered to any honest man's satisfaction. Was it conservative to defend the South and its inherited ways, its counterrevolution against modernization? Or was it conservative to preserve the Union, as did Mr. Lincoln, even at the expense of the most revolutionary acts and program in American history and with the enthusiastic approval of Karl Marx?

Personally, I have never been able to comprehend how any conservative who had any intelligent appreciation of the real texture (rather than just the theory) of American experience could fail to feel a surge of sympathy with the boys in gray. I can well understand how one could admire William Lloyd Garrison, Thaddeus Stevens, and Charles Sumner. But I cannot under-

stand how or why one could admire them and still call himself a conservative. It takes nothing less than the sophistry of the Straussian political scientists to answer this paradox adequately. I know, however, that decent folks disagree with me, and I remain open to argument. As I said, history is not easy, and it may not be possible ever to settle such questions.

Perhaps the most significant thing about this book is that it is part of an as-yet-unrecognized and unlabeled shift of focus in American history writing from the South to the North. Most of the historical literature, and of the common understanding in regard to our Civil War (still the largest and most critical episode in American history) has proceeded on the working assumption that the South constituted a peculiar minority, standing athwart the preordained mainstream of American development. Thus, when one had explained satisfactorily the origin and nature of the peculiarity, one had explained how the immense and bloody civil conflict at the center of our history came about.

Though such an approach has long been axiomatic and unexamined, there are several things wrong with it. To begin with, it makes little sense to treat the South, at any time prior to the Civil War, as a minority. In territory, population, and political and cultural influence the South was an equal and often a preponderant part of American development during all this period.

But the main flaw with the approach is that it undertook to explain the peculiar while leaving the standard of normalcy undefined and undescribed. It was simply assumed that the North was a kind of universal and unquestionable norm against which all else was to be measured. (This is the same attitude with which Americans approach relations with foreign nations.) But the norm itself was never postulated, which gave a strange context to examinations of the South, which was deemed to be un-American but was always measured with an elastic ruler. *Proslavery*, along with another fine recent book, Anne Norton's *Alternative Americas: A Reading of Antebellum Political Culture*, at last shifts the attention to where it should have been all along—to describing the nature and development of the North. While they do not pro-

vide all answers, these books ask the right questions, and open new ground for more realistic ways of looking at a vitally important period in American history.

This historical revisionism is important not because it revises old sectional controversy, and not because it makes it no longer possible to comfortably assign all evil to the region below the Potomac, segregated from a shining and uncontaminated America—

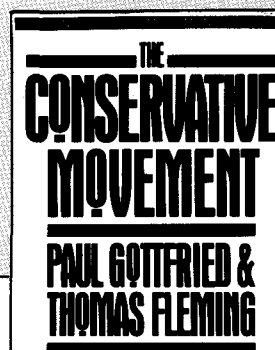
though that is pleasing enough. Rather, it is important because the study of the antebellum North will eventually allow us to know for the first time the true lineaments of development of what became the American mainstream. If there is any young historian out there who wants to know where the cutting edge is in American historical understanding, it is there—the new and coming field of Northern history.

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movement's fragmentation. In their thought-provoking chapter on conservatism's future after Reagan, the authors predict that this fragmentation may be the movement's demise.

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Caudillo and Generalissimo by Lee Congdon

"People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors."

—Edmund Burke

Franco: A Biography by J.P. Fusi, New York: Harper & Row; \$25.00.

The Franco Regime, 1936-1975 by Stanley G. Payne, Madison: University of Wisconsin Press; \$30.00.

Not long before his death on November 20, 1975, Francisco Franco asked a young aide if he thought Spain's future was "inevitably democratic." On receiving an affirmative reply, he gazed sadly into the distance and said no more. The ailing Caudillo certainly knew that "Francoism" would not remain unchanged after he was gone, but he clung to the hope that his choice as a successor, Prince Juan Carlos, grandson of Spain's last king, would preserve the regime's basic institutions. That is why he always insisted that the Prince's accession to the throne was to be regarded as an "instauration," not a "restoration."

This does not, of course, preclude the possibility that Franco was secretly resigned to a new and more stable form of liberalism than what his countrymen had embraced during the 19th century. It was that very liberalism which he blamed for precipitating Spain's decline and ultimate humiliation in the Spanish-American War. For 20th-century social democracy, however, he expressed nothing but uncompromising opposition. Informed by atheism and materialism and characterized by sentimentality and indiscipline, that modern form of state and society was, he believed, undermining the Western world's spiritual foundations. It was therefore "unsuitable for our people."

It is precisely Franco's rejection of democracy that so exercises Juan Pablo Fusi, director of the Spanish National Library and coauthor, with the left-leaning Raymond Carr, of *Spain: Dictatorship to Democracy* (1979). The regime's fundamental problem, Fusi

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insists, was "its lack of genuine moral legitimacy by democratic standards," by criteria, that is, which Fusi upholds and assumes to be universally applicable. At the same time, however, he is honest enough to concede that there are problems with his point of view, not the least of which was "the willing and sincere acceptance of Francoism by a very broad spectrum of Spanish society."

Indeed, some deeper reserve of resentment distorts Fusi's "biographical

essay," which for all its protestations of objectivity is an almost venomous polemic. His profound antipathy is especially on display in the concluding chapter, where Franco's terrible death agony—endured, as Fusi admits, with fortitude and dignity—is made to serve as a symbol for the dying regime. In light of this distasteful strategy, it comes as no surprise to learn that Fusi was born and has taught at two universities in the Basque Provinces. Clearly, he cannot forgive Franco for refusing

to grant autonomy to that historically separatist and ethnically distinct region, or for punishing those who took up arms to advance the cause. Fusi indicts what he calls "the Spanish regime" because it created among Basques "a widespread feeling of revulsion from the very idea of Spain."

It was late in the summer of 1968 that the Basque extremist organization, *Euzkadi ta Azkatasuna* (ETA—Basque Homeland and Liberty), turned to violence, in part, as Stanley Payne suggests in his exhaustively researched and authoritative study, because of the disorienting impact of rapid industrialization and secularization. After ETA gunmen shot down the head of the *Brigada social* (political section) of the police in Guipúzcoa, the Franco government resolved to make an example of the accused, 16 in number. The trial opened in Burgos in December 1970, but provoked unexpected and international sympathy for the terrorists. Fusi expresses enthusiasm for the anti-Franco demonstrations that spread throughout Western Europe; even spokesmen for the Roman Catholic Church—once among the regime's strongest supporters—demanded clemency for the terrorists.

What continues to infuriate Fusi is the way in which Franco, unlike so many democratic leaders, refused initially to knuckle under to pressure. The court sentenced nine of the defendants to death and the rest to a total of 519 years in prison. By then, however, nervous government officials were counseling their chief to commute the death sentences to life imprisonment. Despite serious misgivings, he eventually agreed—and thereby emboldened his opponents. In 1973, ETA terrorists assassinated Luis Carrero Blanco, who had been Franco's alter ego and second in command for three decades. And that same year they were joined by a new Marxist-Leninist terrorist organization known by the acronym FRAP.

In 1974, a two-member ETA team, aided by several communists, bombed a crowded Madrid coffee shop near national police headquarters, killing 12 people and injuring 80 others. Then, during the first months of 1975, terrorists killed eight police officers. The beleaguered security forces finally succeeded in arresting 11 ETA and FRAP members, whom the courts promptly

convicted and sentenced to death in accord with the provisions of a new Anti-Terrorist Decree. Once again the leaders of the European left orchestrated a propaganda campaign against the Franco regime, exhibiting, in Payne's words, "much greater indignation over the determination to punish these killers than they had . . . over the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia." In a dramatic move that must have shocked and offended Franco, Pope Paul VI personally intervened on behalf of the convicted terrorists. This time, however, the Generalissimo did not back away. In a final display of the unemotional toughness for which he was known and feared during his service in Morocco and the civil war, he ordered that five of the killers be executed.

For reasons of his own, Fusi characterizes the Anti-Terrorist Decree as a "repressive measure" and cites with undisguised satisfaction the "outburst of revulsion across Europe and inside Spain" that greeted the lawful carrying out of the sentences. So blinded is he by his hatred of Franco that he is able to describe the *Junta Democrática*, organized in Paris in 1974 by the Spanish Communist Party, as "a potential democratic alternative" to the regime. More helpfully, Payne alerted members of the US House of Representatives to the fact that the *Junta* was a communist front organization.

Here as elsewhere, Payne's judgment and command of Spanish history is superior to Fusi's. A proponent of democratic politics and an admirer of King Juan Carlos's successful disassembling of Franco's authoritarian regime, he insists that the latter not be judged against some imaginary, and utopian, democracy, but "in terms of historical alternatives that actually existed" in 1936. An evolutionary authoritarianism, he concludes, "was in a certain sense about as much as the Spanish could expect from the impasse into which they had maneuvered themselves."

Much of the blame for that impasse, as Payne demonstrates, must be assigned to the Second Republic that exercised political power from 1931 to 1936. The Left Republican-Socialist coalition government did its best to inflame public passions. Not only, for example, was it anticlerical, but its

leader, Manuel Azaña, went so far as to proclaim that Spain had "ceased to be Catholic." Moreover, it granted autonomy to the Basque Provinces and Catalonia, a move that alienated many of its most articulate defenders, including José Ortega y Gasset. At the same time, Republican officials were unable, or unwilling, to maintain even the semblance of public order. Between February 17 and July 17, 1936, there were 213 attempted assassinations, 113 local general strikes, and 228 partial shutdowns, with casualties numbering 269 dead and 1,287 wounded.

This was what Franco meant when, years later, he identified Spain's "familiar demons" as "an anarchic spirit, negative criticism, lack of mutual cooperation, extremism and mutual enmity." Yet even as the country wrestled with these demons, the always prudent general hesitated to join those of his fellow military officers who were preparing to rebel. Then, on the night of July 12-13, Republican police and socialist gunmen murdered José Calvo Sotelo, leader of the rightist parliamentary opposition. Five days later, Franco and a small coterie of military conspirators began the uprising that eventuated in three years of civil war.

Payne makes short work of the notion that that epic struggle pitted democracy against fascism. Within a matter of days, Azaña and the Left Republicans had handed power over to the revolutionary left, leading to the formation of Juan Negrín's "People's Republic" in 1937. This government was not, as Payne points out, "a liberal democracy, but was driven by powerful revolutionary forces determined to proscribe the other side altogether. Its mass political executions were as extensive as those by Franco's supporters."

Nor were Franco and his comrades fascists, although Payne does not deny that the Caudillo and his profascist brother-in-law Ramón Serrano Súñer presided over a "semifascist" regime from 1936 to about 1945. There were several reasons for this, including Franco's dependence upon German and Italian aid during the civil war, his belief that the Axis powers would win the Second World War, and his undying hatred of communism. Furthermore, because he believed that a political "philosophy" of some sort would be necessary to the stability of a new form

of government, Franco came to view Mussolini's Italy as something of a model. He was always careful to insist, however, that the Falange (Phalanx), Spain's native fascist movement, was *sui generis*.

Founded in 1933 by José Antonio Primo de Rivera, eldest son of the military officer who governed Spain in a dictatorial but benign fashion from 1923 to 1930, the Falange was a radical and nationalist movement. Thanks in part to the personality of José Antonio (as he is known), however, it was far less prone to violence than were other fascist movements. Indeed, it dutifully proclaimed its allegiance to Catholicism, even as it repudiated the clericalism of the right. Not that it mattered much, for the Falange never captured the Spanish imagination; in the elections of February 1936, it won only 44,000 votes, 0.7 percent of the national total.

The movement received an even greater blow when the Republican government executed José Antonio on November 20, 1936. No equally charismatic successor emerged, but even if one had, Franco had already resolved to subordinate the Falange to the Spanish state, and to use it to balance the power of other groups within what he soon began to call the "National Movement": the military, the liberal monarchists, and the Carlists.

Despite some speculation in his concluding chapter about Franco's borrowings from Italian fascism, Bonapartism, and other forms of authoritarianism, Payne believes, quite rightly, that Franco—who seldom traveled abroad—must be understood in Spanish and historical, rather than foreign and social-scientific, terms. The Caudillo, he writes, was "the last great avatar of the traditional Spanish national-Catholic ideology," an ideology that began to take form during the long reconquest of Spain from the Moors and that eventually, by the 16th century, crystallized into the idea that Spaniards were God's chosen people, charged with a world-historical mission. To reassert and update that ideology was Franco's lifelong ambition.

There is little doubt, for example, that Franco viewed the civil war as a crusade in defense of Catholic Spain, a historical reprise of the *Reconquista* that the "Catholic Kings," Ferdinand

and Isabella, completed in 1492. Just as the reconquest was long and arduous—it took 700 years—so the Generalissimo's victory over the impious Republic demanded time and patience. Slowly and relentlessly he reclaimed Spanish territory, region by region, for the Faith. Which is not to say that he was a religious zealot. "I sought always to live and die as a Catholic," he wrote in his farewell message to the Spanish people, and so he did, particularly after his marriage to the pious Carmen Polo in 1923. But for Franco Catholicism and Spain were always inextricably intertwined. Like the Catholic Kings again, he recognized that in a country characterized by the most extreme racial, political, and geographical diversity, a common faith alone could guarantee that unity without which Spain would not be great and hence could not act as the defender of Christian civilization.

Even Fusi understands that Franco, no less than Lincoln in our Civil War, regarded unity as a matter of life or death for the nation. Though he does not say so, he knows that when Ferdinand and Isabella married, they united Castile and Catalonia, Aragon being the least important of the Aragon-Catalonia-Valencia federation. "The dynasty was Catalan," the great contemporary historian J.H. Elliott has written, "and it was Catalonia, with its busy seaboard and its energetic population, which played the preponderant part in the great overseas expansion of the Crown of Aragon." In his fierce opposition to Catalan separatism, Franco signaled his determination to complete the task of unification that the Catholic Kings began. His regime, Payne reminds us, "was by far the most centralized in Spanish history."

To accomplish this was not easy and though both Fusi and Payne deny that Franco was a cruel man, they agree that when duty dictated it, he could set aside all pity and personal sentiment. Fusi speaks of the "chilling side of his character" and Payne estimates that he ordered some 30,000 executions in the six years after the civil war ended in 1939. In this he undoubtedly modeled himself after the Duke of Alba, who attempted to subdue the rebellious Netherlands for Philip II—for the Faith and the central political authority. (Alba's bloody deeds, like those of

Franco, have often been exaggerated, but between 1567 and 1573 his "Council of Blood" did convict about 9,000 people and execute just over 1,000.)

Due to such historical experiences and to their fervent Catholicism, Spaniards understand—better, it seems, than most peoples—the timeless drama of sin and blood sacrifice. One has only to think, for example, of the powerful poetic tragedy *Blood Wedding* by Federico García Lorca (whom the Nationalists shot in 1936) and the savage novel *The Family of Pascual Duarte* by Camilo José Cela (who fought for Franco). Or else consider what Franco said in a speech of 1940: "The suffering of a nation at a certain point in its history is no chance: it is the spiritual judgment which God imposes for a corrupt life, for an unclean history."

This is an old-fashioned idea and Franco was an old-fashioned man, who, as Paul Gottfried recently observed, lacked any of this century's interest in reconstructing humanity. For him, pre-World War I words such as heroism, self-discipline, and patriotism still held meaning, perhaps in part because Spain was not a belligerent. To those cynical moderns who scoff, he might have said with C.S. Lewis, "We laugh at honor and are shocked to find traitors in our midst." And to those who believe liberal democracy to be the only morally justifiable system of politics, he would surely have pointed to the disorder, hedonism, and materialism that so often accompany it. As Payne sums it up, Franco believed in "strong authoritarian government without political parties, and a program of modern economic development determined as much as possible by political and nationalistic priorities, with social reform a secondary by-product of economic growth."

But there was another by-product of the extraordinary economic boom that Spain experienced during the 1960's and 1970's: the destruction of the neotraditionalist culture that Franco sought, no doubt quixotically, to maintain. Though he ultimately failed, he could take some comfort from the knowledge that he had saved Spain from anarchy and tyranny, while slowing the pace and moderating the effects of change. When a new govern-

ment took charge in 1975, it was able to complete the "inevitable" democratization peacefully. Moreover, under the capable leadership of King Juan Carlos, the government showed a far more human face than it would have had a totalitarian form of democracy triumphed in the civil war. For a man who was born in the wrong century and who died with the mummified arm of Saint Teresa of Avila at his side, this was no small achievement.

The Two Faces of Freud

by Kirk Kilpatrick

Sigmund Freud's Christian Unconscious by Paul C. Vitz, New York: Guilford Press.

When Sigmund Freud took his children hunting for mushrooms he always insisted that they follow a certain ritual. Part of the ritual consisted of placing fresh flowers every day at the shrine of the Virgin near the wood.

Although he publicly attacked religion as an illusion, Freud seems to have had a private preoccupation with it, particularly with Catholicism. When in Rome and Paris he haunted St. Peter's and Notre Dame. In his correspondence he refers frequently to Easter and Pentecost but never to Jewish holidays. His favorite books—*Faust*, *The Temptation of St. Anthony*, *Notre Dame de Paris*, *Paradise Lost*, *The Inferno*—are centrally concerned with Hell, the Devil, possession by the Devil, or pacts with the Devil. Indeed, Freud seems to make more references to Heaven, Hell, the Devil, and damnation in his correspondence than many contemporary priests do in a lifetime of sermons. Were he alive today we can imagine him accusing such modern clerics of emptying Christianity of its content—a charge he leveled against his friend the Reverend Oskar Pfister, a liberal Protestant pastor.

In *Sigmund Freud's Christian Unconscious*, Paul Vitz develops the original yet well-documented thesis that "Freud had a strong life-long positive identification with and attraction to Christianity." At the same time Freud harbored an unconscious hostility to

Christianity and seems at times to have associated himself with the Devil and the Antichrist.

In the course of establishing his thesis, Professor Vitz treats the reader to some fascinating biographical material. One item that stands out is a cocaine purchase Freud conducted with Emanuel Merck, the great-grandson of the man who founded Merck Pharmaceutical and upon whom Goethe modeled the character of Mephistopheles. Freud, who was well aware of the symbolic overtones of this exchange, seemed to believe that cocaine would provide a shortcut to knowledge, power, and success. He first took the drug on *Walpurgisnacht*—the night Faust sealed his pact with the Devil.

According to Vitz, Freud's ambivalence about Christianity stemmed from his early relationship with a nanny, a devout Catholic, who cared for him until the age of three and apparently introduced young Freud to Catholic practices and rituals. In many European families at that time the bond between child and nanny was quite intimate, and was not unlike the relationship between the white child and black mammy that typified certain Southern households. In any event, Freud's relationship with his nanny seems to have had a profound lifelong impact on him. Not so curiously, perhaps, he hired a devout Catholic nanny for his own children.

Vitz devotes considerable attention to Freud's early years, as well as to dreams, slips of the tongue, and literary analysis. It is no mistake that the approach seems rather Freudian. That is the author's intent. One result is that whatever criticisms one is tempted to make against Vitz are the same criticisms one would want to level against the Freudian method itself. But by the same token, anyone who takes Freud seriously will have to take Vitz seriously. What he demonstrates so ably is that the Freudian system is a two-edged sword which can be used to cut both ways—in this case, against atheism as well as against belief.

In the *Future of an Illusion*, Freud argued that religious beliefs are illusions "born from man's need to make his helplessness tolerable and built up from the material of memories of the helplessness of his own childhood and

the childhood of the human race." Freud was concerned not with the beliefs themselves but with the motives for belief, and concluded that religion was untrustworthy because based on childhood needs and wishes, often of a neurotic nature.

But in that case Freud's attachment to his Catholic nanny, coupled with her abrupt departure, goes far toward explaining his lifelong ambivalence about Christianity and his public rejection of religion. Likewise, Freud's rejection of his father, a weak and passive man who seemed unable to control the super-charged Oedipal atmosphere of the household, provides the psychological motive for his rejection of God. Freud's atheism, as well as atheism in general, can be interpreted as unconscious Oedipal wish fulfillment. And in fact, as Vitz has pointed out elsewhere, the biographies of many prominent atheists reveal a pattern of shame, disappointment, or rage directed at their fathers.

Freud himself connected the primeval murder of the father by the sons with the Christian doctrine of original sin, and in one startling passage in *Totem and Taboo* seems to acknowledge—at least on the mythical and symbolic level—that no better resolution had been found for the Oedipal crime than Christ's radical obedience to His Father's will. Nevertheless, in his public persona, Freud seems to have been more often on the side of the fallen angels. "Do you not know that I am the Devil?" he once asked, then added, "All my life I have had to play the Devil, in order that others would be able to build the most beautiful cathedral with the materials that I produced."

In *Sigmund Freud's Christian Unconscious*, Vitz uses those materials to neutralize the thesis presented by Freud in *The Future of an Illusion*. Judged by his own criteria, Freud turns out to be an unreliable witness on the subject of religious belief. For a long time now, *The Future of an Illusion* has been one of the most frequently required readings in college psychology courses. Through it, generations of students have learned to view religious belief as the result of immature projections and wish fulfillments. Fair play would suggest that in the future they get an equal opportunity to examine

the psychological motives for agnosticism and atheism. Paul Vitz has written an important book which deserves to be widely read.

Kirk Kilpatrick is a professor of education at Boston College.

"Here Is Free Country"

by Myron B. Kuropas

***Freedom's Child* by Walter Polovchak with Kevin Klose, New York: Random House; \$17.95.**

During the 1930's many Americans were enamored of the "grand and noble experiment" called the Soviet Union. Movie stars, clergymen, authors, intellectuals, columnists, and other American opinion makers traveled to the USSR and returned with glowing reports of the joys of socialism under Joseph Stalin. Many immigrants from the former Russian empire believed these stories and some decided to return to their former homeland to taste the fruits of Bolshevik labor. One such person was Morris Stolar, a Jewish communist sympathizer living in Chicago's Humboldt Park who, in the 1930's, moved to Moscow with his wife and two American-born children. Today, one of these children, Abe Stolar, now 75, is awaiting permission to return to Chicago. He has been waiting for a very long time. Despite the personal interventions of Secretary of State George Shultz and much American press coverage (the *Washington Post* recently ran a feature story describing his plight), Abe Stolar sits in his Moscow apartment waiting and hoping that someday he will once again walk the streets of Humboldt Park.

A similar fate almost befell Walter Polovchak, a Ukrainian-born youngster whose father wanted to return to the Soviet Ukraine after living in the Humboldt Park area for less than six months. *Freedom's Child* is an exciting, blow-by-blow, objective account of young Walter's long struggle to remain in the United States against his father's wishes. With the help of Kevin Klose—author of *Russia and the Russians*, former bureau chief of the *Washington Post* in Chicago and Moscow, and now

an editor on the *Post's* national news desk—all sides of the Polovchak controversy are presented in the words of the antagonists.

On Walter's side were Chicago's Ukrainian American community; his lawyers, Julian Kulas and Henry Mark Holzer; the US State Department; Juvenile Judge Joseph Mooney; local NBC-TV reporter Paul Hogan; Walter's cousin, Walter Polowczak; and his sister Natalie, who also refused to return to the Ukraine. Arrayed against Walter were his parents, Michael and Anna; their ACLU lawyers, Richard Lifshitz, Richard Mandel, and Lois Lipton; *Chicago Tribune* Foreign Editor Howard Tyner; and Pyotr Prilepski of the Soviet embassy in Washington, DC.

The Polovchak drama began when 12-year-old Walter, protesting his parents' decision to return to the Ukraine, ran away from their apartment and went to live with Cousin Walter. His parents sent the police after him and Walter finally ended up in court. There, with the help of Ukrainian American lawyer Julian Kulas, Walter won his first victory. Judge Mooney ruled in favor of a MINS (Minor in Need of Supervision) petition awarding temporary custody to the Illinois Department of Children and Family Services. Asked by reporters why he refused to go back to the Ukraine, Walter replied: "Here is free country." His words were flashed around the world.

Young Walter returned to his cousin's care and after Julian Kulas requested political asylum for the young Ukrainian refusenik, he was guarded, for a time, by federal agents. Later, Walter was granted political asylum by the US State Department.

One of the first reporters to provide sympathetic coverage of the Polovchak case was Paul Hogan of Channel 5 in Chicago. He quickly learned that Walter was Ukrainian, not Russian (as much of the press had reported), and that his understanding of freedom was based on comparative experiences as opposed to philosophical comprehension. It was also Paul Hogan who exposed the role of the Soviet embassy in putting pressure on Walter's father to return with his entire family.

All of this was too much for Howard Tyner, the *Chicago Tribune* corre-

spondent who, despite assignments in Poland and Eastern Europe as well as numerous meetings with Ukrainian Americans, never really sympathized with the Ukrainian perspective. Professing to be a friend of Julian Kulas, Tyner admits not "going along with Julian's attitude on Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. . . . Anyway, when I learned he was going to be involved, I had visions of super anti-communist Ukrainian émigrés collar-ing the kid to get him away." Tyner concluded that young Walter's understanding of freedom was superficial. "Between going out for a McDonald's burger in Chicago or waiting in line for pierogi on Lenin Allee in Lviv, he liked it better here," Tyner argues in the book. So concerned was Tyner with fairness to the family that he decided to contact the ACLU and urge them to serve as counsel to Michael and Anna Polovchak. A breach of journalistic ethics? "I suppose," responds Tyner unconcernedly.

The ACLU position regarding Walter's motives was also hostile. "The issue of where the parents sought to take the kid—to Ukraine—was irrelevant," admitted Illinois ACLU Executive Director Jay Miller. For Miller, the entire incident had little to do with freedom from repression by a totalitarian regime; it was all "a propaganda thing" for the Ukrainian community. Harvey Grossman, another ACLU lawyer who worked on the case, was in regular contact with Pyotr Prilepski, a man from the Soviet embassy whose rank and position were those usually reserved for KGB agents.

The ACLU argued that Walter's parents knew what was best for Walter and that he should be returned to their custody immediately. There was little concern for Walter's feelings toward his parents, especially his father. Walter's life in the Ukraine was hardly ideal. With a mother totally dominated by an indifferent, philandering father who was more interested in making deals on the black market with goods sent by American relatives than he was in nurturing his relationship with his family, young Walter was raised by an adoring, deeply religious grandmother who always believed the family would someday leave for America. When she died on the eve of the family's departure for the United States, Walter was

devastated. In Chicago, his estrangement from his parents grew as they continued to manifest indifference to the hopes and dreams of Walter and his sister.

Fortunately, Walter's story has a happy ending. His parents returned to the Ukraine without him. The ACLU continued to pursue the case all the

way up to the Supreme Court, which ruled in favor of Walter's parents. By then, however, it was too late; Walter was approaching his 18th birthday and the right to become an American citizen. That honor was bestowed on him on October 8, 1985 in Washington, DC.

Today, Walter Polovchak walks the

streets of Humboldt Park a free man. Let's pray that someday, he'll be joined by another Chicagoan from the Soviet Union, Abe Stolar, who like young Walter, had a misguided father.

Myron B. Kuropas is vice president of the Ukrainian National Association.

CORRESPONDENCE



Letter From Moscow

by Russ Braley

The Friends of Peter Ustinov

"Peter Ustinov's Russia" has been making the rounds of Public Broadcasting television stations with a timely plug for Mikhail Gorbachev and *glasnost*, and raising the hair on the back of my neck.

The British-born comedian, author, and mimic confesses, with the shrug of a sophisticated actor, that his series is not the complete story. It does not, in fact, mention the Gulag or the contribution of prisoners' labor to the Soviet economy. Ustinov explains that there is enough unfriendly propaganda from others, so he has confined himself to a cheerful message.

Peter Ustinov's Russia is a land of genius, especially musical and literary genius, where no one is threatened, but rather, minority groups are protected from enemies like the Turks. He selects the Georgians and Armenians as examples rather than the Ukrainians, Baltic nations, Uzbeks, etc. It is a merry land of fabulous circus clowns and ballerinas, where children have their own restaurants and theaters.

He interviews the shades of Russia's great authors, but he does not mention that today's Tolstoys, Dostoyevskys and Chekovs have been forced out of the

country, like Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Andrei Sinyavsky, and Vladimir Bukovsky (whose propaganda Ustinov is refuting).

Ustinov says his whole point is to show that "you can, really, have a Russian for a friend." Well, what can possibly be wrong with that? Surely Ustinov is on the side of the angels.

But it is not true for everyone. Maybe you can have a Russian for a friend if you are like Ustinov and are willing to accept Lenin and Stalin as national heroes. I did not qualify.

Back in 1960 I was living in Bonn and reporting to the *New York Daily News* from West Germany, East Germany, Poland, Hungary and Yugoslavia. Later, when I could get visas, I added Czechoslovakia, Romania, the Middle East, and North Africa. I felt handicapped reporting from Eastern European nations without having seen Russia, which dominated and repressed them. The paper declined to pay for a trip, so I bought a two-week vacation tour to Moscow not long after Soviet tourism started.

Unlike Peter Ustinov, I felt then, as I do today, that Russian Communists had ruined the lives of generations of Eastern Europeans, stifling their cultures, depriving them of expression and imposing on them atrocious local rulers. The Communists deprived the world of the melodies Hungarians never composed and mathematical break-

throughs they have not discovered (a Hungarian discovered non-Euclidian geometry). Germans of the East, previously the world's best physicians, chemists, and engineers, already were falling hopelessly behind the Japanese and no longer gave the world cures and inventions, only ice skaters and swimmers.

I met my Russian friend on a Moscow street in 1960, just after I visited Gorky Park to see the exhibit of Gary Powers' downed U-2 spy plane and the gold coins, poison pills, pistol, and other artifacts found on the intruder. American visitors were rare in 1960, and I was regularly accosted by young Russians, some curious, some offering to buy dollars or my clothes. Ivan, who looked to be in his late 20's, fell into step beside me and asked if I were an American. He said the lightweight suit looked American.

I thought the young Russian was a cop. At my hotel I told John Reddin of the *Milwaukee Journal* that I was going swimming at a lake outside Moscow with a young Soviet agent provocateur, so if a photo of me with my pants down appeared in *Izvestia*, he was my witness that I had been set up.

The next day, wearing no jacket and a dirty shirt as instructed, I met my Russian at the appointed spot, and climbed behind him on his motorcycle. The machine had no springs, brakes, or rearview mirror, and it slewed alarm-

ingly on turns. Driving over cobblestones, ruts, and streetcar tracks was like riding a jackhammer. In the next days the deep bruises on my behind and inside my thighs turned green and orange.

We stopped at a lake, where Muscovites swam in their underwear, some of the ladies in bloomers. (Ustinov filmed shapely, athletic girls in string swimsuits; things have improved in that respect.) As we sat and smoked, recovering from the ride, he abruptly said: "You say you have been to Hungary. Who fired the first shot?" It was a remarkable question. The Soviets had put down the Hungarian uprising three and a half years earlier, and here was a Russian with Hungary on his mind! Other Russians I had met told me that Hungary was a hopeless nation of criminal fascists.

"The AVO, the Hungarian secret police," I answered. "At about 8:30 in the evening, outside the Budapest radio station."

He looked at me triumphantly. "I knew it wasn't a Russian!"

"Well, it was the same thing as a Russian. The AVO was trained by your secret police, and the AVO wouldn't have existed if you were not occupying Hungary. The Soviet troops came in immediately." He deflated, not disputing me. We talked for several hours as I had not talked since college days, then jolted back into Moscow on his terrible machine.

In the next days we did a lot of walking. He showed me the "Russian hotel"—the railroad station filled with whole families camping on the floor. We watched police round up drunks with a black van. "They're taking them to the hayshaker," he said. He believed that was American slang for a sobering-up station, citing *West Side Story*.

"You know, like in the song 'Officer Krupsky.' They sing, 'Take him to the hayshaker.'"

"To the head-shrinker," I said. "To the psychiatrist." We went through *West Side Story* translating lyrics. An American tourist he had met on the street had sent him the record album.

We found a local movie house showing Nikita Khrushchev's trip to Paris, where he had broken up the last of the Big Four summits (before President Kennedy made them Big Two summits) and sent President Eisen-

hower home empty-handed. I had covered the summit before taking my vacation. In Paris, Hungarian refugees led by the late Bela Fabian (whom Khrushchev called Dr. Hooligan) had broken up Khrushchev's press conference, shouting questions from the rear, enraging the Soviet boss. Fabian wrecked plans for a staged propaganda circus employing four front rows reserved for Soviet-bloc reporters. The Soviet film cut off at the disturbance, and the planned propaganda coup, intended to show Khrushchev as a hero applauded by the world press, fell flat.

My new friend was not a cop; he was an internationalist. Years before, he had been arrested for making the acquaintance on the street of an Ethiopian diplomat, fascinated by the black man who had been graduated from Oxford and who spoke impeccable English. Ivan had spent some time in jail, but had not been sent to the labor camps because his father was a Communist Party official. But he had been thrown out of engineering school in his last year, and in 1960 worked as illustrator for an engineering magazine.

I visited his cell-sized room in a walk-up tenement, with no toilet and a cold water tap at the end of the hallway. His tiny, delicately built wife was studying English at nights at his request. His only possessions were his motorcycle and record collection.

Because I lived in Bonn and had Hungarian friends who dreamed of murdering all Russians, and because I had covered Khrushchev's threatening visit to Hungary in 1958, I felt I was something of a danger to my new friend. I tried to avoid him, but every evening when I left my hotel he was there. He had a profound contempt for the police—"You can't believe how stupid they are." We had an uncanny rapport, sometimes saying the same thing simultaneously.

"You in the West will lose, you know," he told me. "Everyone I used to know is involved in developing weapons technology, and some of them are very bright. I think everyone in the Soviet Union with any brains is working for your destruction." As things turned out, he was right; an enormous weapons buildup started under Khrushchev.

Later that summer I covered

Khrushchev's state visit to Austria. In Vienna, my wife found a Hungarian bottier who could make a pair of size four black patent leather shoes with stiletto heels for my friend's tiny wife. An Austrian friend, Dr. Nuering, sent them to Moscow, because mail from Bonn was unwelcome in the Adenauer era.

I would like to show Peter Ustinov the letter I got in return, sent not to me but to Dr. Nuering in Vienna. It is composed in my friend's excellent English, but he had someone copy it in German Gothic script, making it almost indecipherable to most readers of English and probably illegible to any censors.

It was years before I went to Moscow again, and when I looked for my friend's tenement it had been torn down. I was in Moscow a couple of times in the 70's, but I never saw him again.

Many things have changed in the last 28 years, of course. There's a new Khrushchev in Moscow who has made some improvements, allowing Andrei Sakharov some freedom and permitting more Russian émigrés to return for visits to their families. The Armenians are still grateful that the Soviets protect them from the Turks, only they are evidently less content than Ustinov reports. Taking advantage of the thaw, they rioted early this year with some deaths. The Seattle-Tashkent Sister Cities Committees just met in Washington, all good buddies.

Some changes have been for the worse. Far from the Soviets withdrawing troops from Hungary, they have added troops to Czechoslovakia, where I covered their invasion in 1968. Czechs, Hungarians, Poles, and East Germans are not able to have Russian friends among the troops, because they are there only to keep the natives suppressed. Certainly the troops are not there to keep Austria or West Germany from invading the Soviet Union.

I'll probably never see Ivan, an honest and patriotic Russian, or his tiny wife, if they are alive. Ustinov can have friends there, but I can't.

Russ Braley is the author of Bad News: The Foreign Policy of the New York Times (Regnery Gateway).

Letter From the Heartland

by Jane Greer

Just When You Thought It Was Safe to Go Back in the Water

Our sixth-grade daughter's class made the "Hiroshima lanterns" late in May when the North Dakota Peace Coalition came to her parochial school. The kids painted the paper sides of the 8" x 8" boats with rainbows and flowers and the word "peace," and made plans to light the candles and set the boats afloat on the Missouri River August 7 as part of a worldwide event. Our daughter was excited: all her friends would be there.

Unable to stop myself, I asked, "What's the reason for this?"

"No idea," she replied.

"Peace or something."

"What kind of peace?"

"No idea."

"You mean like no fighting going on anywhere in the world?"

"I guess so."

"Well, explain to me how these little lanterns will help."

She thought for a moment.

"No idea."

Here's what it said on the lantern instructions: "*Our yearning for secure peace and our protesting preparations for war find expression in the designs we paint on the paper lantern panels. This is done at home or in groups brought together to make lanterns sometime before August 6th. These feelings are shared and affirmed by bringing the lantern and coming together with family, friends and other lantern makers to reflect on ways to achieve peace, and then carry [sic] the glowing lantern to the river. Floating the lantern away on the river in remembrance of the thousands who died in Hiroshima frees us from our constant repression of the facts and our fear and blind hostility, and empowers us to constructive dialogue and action.*"

Give me a break. These 12- and 13-year-olds do many strange things, but they do *not* suffer from "constant repression" of the bombing of Hiroshima or from "fear and blind hostility" concerning the event. The kids may

spend a lot of time "protesting preparations" for cleaning their room, but war never crosses their mind. The Peace Coalition was quite simply *using* my child and the others, manipulating them for political purposes. It's obscene. Sixth graders know nothing about the bombing of Hiroshima: not why it happened, or what was lost, or what was gained. World War II doesn't take up more than half a page in their ridiculous textbooks. The grown-ups just needed some patsys.

The instruction sheet for the "Hiroshima lanterns" also says, disingenuously, that the lanterns are floated each year "to commemorate all of the people who perished from the Hiroshima atomic bomb," (although a school spokesperson said that the boat wasn't exactly a Hiroshima memorial but simply a "symbol of unified prayer for peace" that would cover "every major river in the world.") Mourning the dead is an honorable enterprise, but why the Japanese dead and not ours? Who started that war, anyway? And why not memorialize the dead *mujahedin* in Afghanistan as well, or the Cambodian dead under Pol Pot?

Because, of course, none of those particular dead would serve the Peace Coalition's narrow malevolent purpose: US disarmament. It's not that the poor souls of Hiroshima and Nagasaki died, or even that they died during a war, that makes them lucky enough to be remembered; it's that they died from an *atomic bomb*, one way of dying out of an infinite number of others. Yes, they were probably civilians, most of them, and therefore relatively innocent. So are the dozens upon dozens of millions of aborted babies each year in China, the US, and the world, and the millions of peasants dead in the Ukraine from government-controlled famine. But nonatomic deaths aren't *useful* to the Peace Coalition.

Would this group's "constructive dialogue" entertain the notion that the US and much of the world *are* at peace — and basically because our country is so well-armed? (What better proof that we live in peacetime than that our children know so little about war?) Would it allow knowledgeable estimates of the number of Japanese lives *saved* by Truman's dropping the big one? Would it allow that while

perhaps children *should* think about the past, few of them do, and that little wood-and-paper boats aren't going to do a damned thing to save our lives — if indeed they are in danger? Or that the world has lived virtually without a military nuclear incident for 40 years?

I doubt it. The last thing groups like this want is for their media audiences to become knowledgeable about the past. What they're after is panic about the future — that's where their big bucks come from — and they won't get it from those who know there's nothing new under the sun. These groups love to "dialogue" but can't stand informed opposition. They encourage "sharing" so long as you're just sharing *feelings* — not facts or even opinions — and those feelings are *fearful*. If you're self-confident and comfortable with the world, understanding it as a place where no one is guaranteed a long or worry-free life, you'll spoil their party.



That's why the Peace Coalition has to hit on kids instead of their parents. Kids panic easily, but more than that they love to party. And once you get a bunch of cute kids down at the river launching their pretty little candlelit boats into the menacing dark, maybe singing a folk hymn or two to the accompaniment of ill-tuned guitars, it's just a tiny step to say to the ubiquitous media, "See how these children yearn for world peace" — a tiny step, but a gross assumption about kids whose biggest worry is a new facial blemish. And from there it's just another tiny step to say, "See: these children want our country to disarm" (another unjustified assumption, but it *will* be said because that's any Peace Coalition's goal) and — the clincher — "These are the innocents who will be slaughtered if we keep building bombs." Close-up of solemn freckled face; never mind that he's planning how to sneak away to the swimming pool or the video arcade. Trust me: all of this will be said at any gathering of any Peace Coalition. They *have* peace and don't want it; what they want, whether they know

it or not, is our slavery, and our children's.

Although it's impolitic to forbid a teenager to do something, if the subject comes up again we'll tell our daughter that if she wants to participate, she'll have to be able to tell us what World War II was all about, and why Hiroshima and Nagasaki were bombed, and, realistically, what she hopes to accomplish with her lantern. She'll also have to prove to us that she knows what "manipulation" means, and knows how to prevent it being done to her. And we'll ask her to research how the Peace Coalition feels about abortion (*she* thinks it's terrible) and the gulag (*she's* never heard of it), since they claim to care about human life. The way I see it, either way we've won—at least until the next time Peace Coalition members glide into her classroom and circle around, smiling and showing their teeth.

Jane Greer edits Plains Poetry Journal.

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Too Greedy to Hate

Back in the spring there was a lot of hoo-rah in northern Virginia about a plan to build a shopping mall on part of the battlefield at Manassas ("Bull Run" to Yankees). At first, some of us down here suspected a federal plot to obliterate the reminders of two humiliating defeats, but it turned out to be just the usual crowd of developers pursuing the economic logic that seems to lead inexorably to the paving of any open space close to a major metropolitan area.

Now, there's something to be said for money-making as a goal. I'll say it in a minute. In any case, it does seem pointless to expect investors to get all misty-eyed about a piece of land they bought in good faith and pay taxes on, just because some soldiers died there a long time ago. But let's not forget that

there are other ways to view life than through the cash nexus. Confederate propagandists used to argue that's what those soldiers were fighting about.

It may be that we in the South have now rejoined the Union in that respect. Back in the countercultural 60's, David Riesman observed that the only students he had at Harvard who wanted to make a lot of money were Catholics and Southerners. And survey research shows no appreciable difference in cupidity between Southerners and other Americans. But in the past some Southerners at least affected to scorn the values of tradesmen.

Consider, for instance, Colonel Robert Toombs of Washington, Georgia. Colonel Toombs was one of the great unreconstructed rebels. When someone met him at the Washington telegraph office during the Chicago fire and asked the latest news, he replied that the firefighters were battling the conflagration heroically, but the wind was on our side. To my mind, the best Toombs story concerns the time some

REVISIONS

Rediscovering the Word

Books will never look quite the same to anyone who reads *ABC: The Alphabetization of the Popular Mind* (San Francisco: North Point Press; 166 pp.; \$16.95) by Ivan Illich and Barry Sanders. In a few pages, the authors explore the great cultural gulf that divides modern men, "children of the book," from earlier societies in which reading and writing either had not been discovered or were restricted to an elite.

In speech, language passes directly from speaker to auditor, its shades of meaning conveyed in tone, accent, and rhythm, often reinforced by facial expression and gestures. In contrast, the printed word presupposes greater psychological distance between writer and reader. Writing permits fuller development of logical argument and more carefully wrought poetic tropes; yet, a culture that relies heavily on the printed word can also lose the sincerity, integrity, and spontaneity of speech.

Although no enemies of writing, Illich and Sanders understand its liabilities. Recognizing how poetry and song live in the collective memory of prehistoric peoples, they warn of the risks of turning printed language into merely a commercial commodity or a political weapon. Following Plato, they perceive that writing can weaken the memory. Indeed writing can even transform the character of memory, as it loses the integrative power of reflective imagination and becomes merely a storehouse of facts and formulae.

As Illich and Sanders trace the history of writing—from the appearance of the North Semitic alphabet up to our own word-processor age—they focus particularly on the late medieval era, when more widespread reliance on writing "ushered in a new type of society." The moral implications of this shift may be seen in the differing attitudes toward vows. In place of traditional oral oaths, usually pronounced with ceremonial gestures, parchment obligations acquired a

new importance in the 12th and 13th centuries. "Trust shifted from the given word to a sealed document," foreshadowing a modern legalism which demands that every transaction be put "in writing." The appearance of written grammars further denigrated the vernacular, as literate scholars began to impose artificial standards upon language, so defining a new set of social shibboleths.

As the enforcer of social distinctions, writing effected a new self-consciousness on the poet, who ceased to be the nameless *Skald*, public weaver of shared stories of the tribe—as in *Beowulf* or *Wanderer*. As early as Chaucer, the creative writer occupied a newly ambiguous role, exercising his exceptional personal talents in private to produce in the enduring pages of literature an imaginative world that offered itself as an alternative to the world created by God and occupied by the unlettered masses.

As the printing press and public education brought literacy to the

progressive citizens of his town proposed to build a hotel, arguing that it would give commercial travelers a place to stay and be good for business. The colonel listened with ill-concealed displeasure, then announced that any gentleman who came to town could stay with him and anyone who wasn't a gentleman shouldn't be encouraged to stay the night. The hotel wasn't built.

I admire that attitude, even if I don't entirely share it. If that had been all the Confederates were fighting for, they might have deserved to win. But old Nathan Bedford Forrest, that untutored horse-soldier from the unpolished Southwest, let the cat out of the bag. After a session of high-flown Lost Cause rhetoric at a veterans' reunion, he grumbled that if he hadn't thought he was fighting to keep his slaves he wouldn't have fought. As the title-character in Walker Percy's *Lancelot* observes, "the Second Revolution in 1861 against the money-grubbing North failed—as it should have because we got stuck with the Negro

thing and it was our fault." Lance does go on to call for a *third* Revolution, but recall that he's in a hospital for the criminally insane.

Anyway, Toombs's attitude was probably a minority view even among rebels. Many, like Forrest, seemed to have nothing against money-making, at least for themselves. Certainly by war's end and for decades afterwards there were plenty who felt like Faulkner's Jason Compson: "I haven't got much pride. I can't afford it."

A sad story: when President Davis and the Confederate government fled fallen Richmond, south to Danville, then south again into North Carolina, what was left of the Confederate Army was prevented from destroying the bridge across the Dan River—by the Danville police. The mayor and other Danville notables subsequently surrendered the town intact to the pursuing federal troops. In cash-nexus terms, the Danville boys were right, of course. The war was over. Life would go on. Why tear down a bridge if you're just

going to have to rebuild it? Maybe that's not the noblest attitude going, but we can understand it, can't we?

It's harder, though, to understand some latter-day Southerners who can afford pride but seem to have forgotten what it is. Consider, for instance, the Greater Columbia Convention and Visitors Bureau. They want you to bring your meeting to some of Columbia's 4,000-plus hotel rooms, and they don't care whether you're a gentleman or not: you're welcome to stay the night, and they're spending the taxpayers' money to tell you so. A full-page advertisement in the June 1987 issue of *Association Management* magazine shows a photograph of the ruins of Columbia, with the caption "After Sherman's March we fired our booking agent!"

Now, this strikes me as roughly analogous to a tourist ad for Japan with a mushroom cloud and the caption "After Hiroshima we cleaned up our act!" But in this, as in much else, the Columbias of the South are just fol-

middle and even lower classes, social elites discovered dubious new uses of the printed word, for both popular entertainment and political control. In his *Journal of the Plague Year*, Daniel Defoe pioneered an investigation into what Illich and Sanders call "the bureaucratization of the word, authenticated through the reality of type." Defoe could already see in the 18th century how publishing was buttressing the social power of doctors and government officials, while discrediting unauthorized word-of-mouth versions of the events, even when the oral accounts were closer to the truth. But it was not until this century that George Orwell outlined in 1984 the grim political possibilities in a modern culture in which nothing not currently in writing may be spoken or even thought. The reader need not buy into the phony argument of the "moral equivalence" of the United States and the Soviet Union to lament the power of our own mandarins of print to promulgate a kind of newspeak that short-

circuits thought and destroys the past. After all, Orwell was speaking of the free West, not the totalitarian East, when he complained about authors intent on producing "a race of enlightened sunbathers, whose sole topic of conversation is their own superiority to their ancestors."

However, Illich and Sanders fail to point out that Orwell himself, as an unbeliever, could not communicate in his own works the ancient wisdom which recognizes that, however corrupted by fallen man, language is a divine gift, in speech and in writing. But then Orwell was hardly alone in this deficiency. Even the modern dictionary is based on the secular assumption that current usage establishes meaning. In Plato's *Cratylus*, Socrates exposes the fallacy of modern dictionary-making. In Plato's dialogue, Socrates insists on "the truth of first names" accessible only in "the ancient form" of a word, which "shows the intention of the giver of the name," so revealing "the mind of gods, or of men, or of both."

Yet Plato realized that "the very truth" of things was "not to be derived from names," spoken or written. Whether in the crucible of suffering or the transport of spiritual vision, priceless truths distill in the soul wordlessly. Concluding their graceful little book with a rare gesture of reverence, Illich and Sanders pay homage to "the power of the silence that precedes utterance." They even complain that "most of us have, at best, only an inkling of the silence before words; and many of us have gone the opposite way, converting silence into something mechanical, into the no that separates beep from beep." It may seem oddly self-deprecating that—like Wordsworth's "The Tables Turned"—ABC invites the reader to close its pages to spend reflective time away from books. But amid the modern cacophony of speech and print, it is vital to recover that silence of soul in which human voices are stilled that the divine voice may again be heard. (BC)

lowing the lead of Atlanta, pacesetter of the New South, a town that billed itself in the hateful 60's as "the city too busy to hate."

Think about that. As my friend Fred Hobson once observed, that's a pretty sorry reason not to hate. Not too proud, too decent, too self-respecting, too Christian—just too busy. Compared to that, Fred remarked, even hate has a certain integrity. I once angered some Atlantans by writing that every time I look at their city I see what a quarter of a million Confederate soldiers died to prevent. Well, *that's* the kind of thing I had in mind.

But let's be fair: the absence of hate, for whatever reason, is rare, and precious. And, as big American cities go, Atlanta may be onto something. Last spring, I read an interview in the Pan Am in-flight magazine with a black

minister from Boston who spoke of his hopes for his city. Why, he asked rhetorically, should Atlanta be "the only model city for black people" in the US?

Do you have any idea how *strange* it is to hear a Bostonian use the capital of Georgia as a good example? True, the man was black. The millennium hasn't arrived; the lion hasn't lain down with the lamb; no white Bostonian other than Robert Coles has yet been heard to utter a good word for the South. But let's savor this anyway.

And let's hear two cheers for the materialism which certainly has something to do with that outcome. Our polity is explicitly committed to the pursuit of happiness, which usually translates, North and South alike these days, as the pursuit of wealth. And there are worse ends for a society to

pursue: strength, for example; usually, in practice, even virtue. Selling out your principles isn't bad if they're obnoxious, and principles often are.

The older I get the more wisdom I see in Samuel Johnson's observation that a man is seldom more innocently engaged than when he is making money. It can't be accidental that the most successful multiethnic society on earth is the one that probably best exemplifies stodgy, money-making, bourgeois values—I'm referring of course to Switzerland. Atlantans' smug vulgarity can be insufferable, but perhaps that's the price we have to pay for communal harmony and the envy of Bostonians.

John Shelton Reed is executive director of the Save the Hookworm Federation and writes from Chapel Hill.

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES



On 'Bribemasters'

Michael Warder's recent article about the Unification Church (June 1988) is so full of falsehoods and distortions it is difficult to know where to begin to respond. Given that he left the movement more than eight years ago, it is hardly surprising that his evaluation is so far off base.

Mr. Warder's absurd comments about food, schedules, and finances come from his distorted memory of a simpler time. The movement that he left has now gone on to become a part of mainstream American life. Besides that, the way he critiques the religious practices of church members, e.g., prayer, fasting, witnessing, etc. gives the distinct impression that he has little respect for serious religion of any kind.

In the final analysis, Mr. Warder comes across in a way that reveals him for what he really is—an embittered apostate who seeks to appease his conscience by attacking what he once believed in. One wonders if he has to

continue to justify himself in his own mind for the testimony he gave against Rev. Moon in 1982 in exchange for immunity from prosecution for himself.

—John T. Biersman
Director of Public Affairs
of the Unification Church
New York, NY

It is incredible, Mr. Editor, that you gave space in your magazine to such a piece of bigotry, which would be comical if our position as non-liberal-Democrat media were not so tragic even without the strife, discord and hatred which Mr. Warder has sown.

—Robert J. Morton
Editor-in-Chief
New York City Tribune
New York, NY

Mr. Warder's attack on the Unification Church has two aspects, only one of which concerns me directly. Much of his tirade is directed against the

Church's beliefs and practices, particularly the role of the Reverend Moon in shaping the lives of the faithful.

More disturbing to me is the charge that conservatives who work for Church-owned publications are making a "sham of their principles." As far as I can see, the *Washington Times* and *Insight* resemble *Commentary* far more than a religious publication. The staffing would suggest the same. The editorial board of my own publication, *The World & I*, solicits articles and commentaries from writers and scholars across the political spectrum. We encourage contentiousness, not ideological conformity. Indeed I would defy Mr. Warder to find any party line in our intellectually broad and physically spacious magazine.

—Paul Gottfried
The World & I
Washington, DC

Allow me, in my private capacity as a reader of *Chronicles*, to take Michael Warder to task for his article on the Moonies in the June issue. To be sure, the founder of the controversial movement is no Schopenhauer. Perhaps he is not even a Cardinal Newman. But is he any less intellectually reputable than Mary Baker Eddy? I doubt it.

He has written a book. Serious men (Stalin, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger) never make the mistake of publishing their innermost thoughts. Amateurs (Hitler, Moon) do, and this is a characteristic they share with most people who put pen to paper: philosophers, poets, lovers. The intellectual caliber of the founder of the Unification Church is of no importance: people follow all sorts of leaders in a democracy, and the fundamentalist revival in America (which I, for one, regard as a positive social phenomenon) is but an example.

Were it not for Moon's church, America would not have two daily newspapers challenging the intellectual monopoly of *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. Admittedly, these papers are published by Moon for motives of his own; yet are these motives any more sinister than those of the Sulzbergers and the Grahams? Admittedly, these papers are not as good as they could be; yet the fact that no American has bothered to start up a paper that would be better is reason enough to applaud this Korean, not to jeer at him and question his motives.

—Andrei Navrozov
Cambridge, England

As one who has taught, lectured, and researched religious cults over the past ten years, I was particularly impressed by Michael Warder's article about the Unification Church. A thoughtfully restrained yet immensely perceptive and revealing piece, it discusses some aspects of the organization and its manipulative methods that remain unknown even to most religious cult specialists.

—Edward M. Levine
Evanston, IL

I have just finished reading Michael Warder's article. He has done a superb job in describing the inner workings and the true intentions of Sun Myung Moon and the Unification Church. Mr. Warder has performed a great

service in alerting the American public to the serious problems that Mr. Moon presents.

Mr. Warder's warnings cut across all political and ideological lines, and I hope his article reaches a large audience. It deserves to be read by opinion leaders in all segments of our society. I strongly believe that we cannot ignore his important conclusions.

—Rabbi A. James Rudin
National Director
Interreligious Affairs
The American Jewish Committee
New York, NY

Michael Warder's article on the Unification Church is a lucid and panoramic perspective on perhaps the most powerful destructive cult operating in this country today.

Where Warder's article most truly hits the mark, however, is in its portrayal of the Unification Church, under the direction of Sun Myung Moon, as an international organization controlled by foreign agents, actively manipulating prominent American statesmen, clergy, media, and educators to further an agenda to undermine democracy, perpetrate racism, and destroy the separation of church and state.

—Cynthia S. Kisser
Executive Director
CAN—Cult Awareness Network
Chicago, IL

Please accept this letter of commendation for the recent article by Mike Warder on the Unification Church of Sun Myung Moon and its brazen attempts to co-opt ethical conservatism.

My contacts with ex-members and their parents reinforce Warder's statements. His claims have the true ring of validity; he, after all, was there.

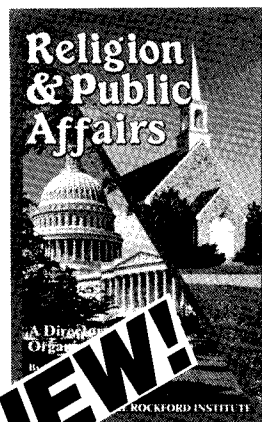
For Moon's egregious efforts to ride to respectability on the coattails of the anticommunist movement, he deserves relegation to the backwaters of political life. Unfortunately, his unlimited and inordinate wealth allows ample greasing for the rails of the sleaze train. We know about communism. We don't need lessons about it from Moon. We do need to know more of the truth about Moon.

Kudos to *Chronicles* and Warder for ringing the warning bell before

Moon's juggernaut pulls into any more conservative stations and caves in the walls of conservative principles.

—Reginald M. Alev
Skokie, IL

Because the Moonies have made frightening inroads into the conservative movement, I was pleased to see Michael Warder's article. Anyone who believes in democracy will respect the Moonies' right to hold unpopular opinions, and to attempt to win people to their point of view. But a democracy rests upon ethical principles concerning how we influence one another. The controversy surrounding the Unification Church stems not from its status as a "new religion," as propagandists would have us believe, but from its use of unethically manipulative techniques of persuasion and control—in



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its social and political dealings as well as its recruitment of individual members.

—Michael D. Langone, Ph.D.
Director of Research and Education
American Family Foundation
Weston, MA

I was very surprised and disappointed by the article on the Unification Church and its founder written by Michael Warder. Mr. Warder's lack of involvement in the movement is obvious since he described characteristics found 10 years ago, but hardly relevant today. What was most revealing was Mr. Warder's religious bigotry made apparent by his total lack of balance in the article.

The Unification Church certainly has its problems but it has also made significant contributions to aspects of American culture, positive contribution that is. If you need a list I'll be happy to get one started for you and Mr. Warder.

Yes, I am a member of the Unification Church, but hardly the protein-starved kind that Warder describes. For three years I lived like a novice in the church center, the last seven years on my own. I now live with my husband and two children and run our own consulting business from our home. From the Church and Rev. Moon I gained a meaningful understanding of the nature of God, a beginning point for a relationship with Him. Also, I gained new respect for myself, my purpose in life, and greater concern for others. So I personally know there are positive things to be said.

My life-style is not the exception. In Washington, DC, 95 percent of the members live in their own residence. Someone should have checked Warder's story. The fact that it was published by your magazine reflects poorly on the quality of journalism you ascribe to.

—Mary E. Rand
Greenbelt, MD

As a 16-year member of the Unification Church, one of the most informative and carefully researched lectures I can recall was given by Mike Warder in 1973. That a man of his intellectual prowess would now sign his name to such an inaccurate, out-of-date review of his spiritual alma mater was both disappointing and surprising. His per-

sonal and extremely selective recollections of what he heard and experienced 10 to 15 years ago as a Unificationist bear little resemblance to reality.

New theologies and claims of any kind, especially when introduced by minorities (Galileans, blacks, Koreans, you name it), have historically been found "odious to all serious thinkers, not to mention the average citizen." So what else is new, Mike? Lighten up, resolve your grudges and get on with life.

—Joy Irvine Garratt
Long Island City, NY

Mr. Warder Replies:

As Mr. Biersman points out, I left the Unification Church more than eight years ago—the last Sunday in November 1979 to be exact. His comments that things have changed since then have perhaps some truth. Nonetheless, in July of 1986 an old friend of mine, who joined around the time I did in 1969 in San Francisco, wrote to me and my wife from out of the blue: "I believe you know the difficulties we face, living in this hotel [the New Yorker Hotel in Manhattan, now owned by the Church] with three rambunctious children while facing the challenge of a mission and a profession . . . I am embarrassed to be asking you for money now. . . . So, if you can send us \$20 or more." I have received from time to time other letters as well, some more recent, which lead me to believe that changes in Church policies have been minor. Indeed, how can a movement led by the perfect incarnation of God admit to error and reform?

I am surprised that Dr. Gottfried would actually misquote what I wrote. I did not "charge that conservatives who work for Church-owned publications are making a 'sham of their principles.'" I wrote "If Americans who would be opinion leaders take Moon's money or the publicity for appearing in his publications, they undermine the ideas they purport to believe in. They, then, are the ones whose ideas are a sham." Conservatives do not easily see that liberals like Laurence Tribe of Harvard, Joseph Lowery of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, civil rights crusader Ralph Abernathy, and many

others all have taken money from Moon. I would like to believe these Americans, all across the political spectrum, take the money in ignorance of Moon's messianic claim, his belief in theocratic socialism, his disdain for the American system of jurisprudence, and his beliefs in regard to culture and race. The involvement of leaders on the right or the left in Moon's projects is used by the movement to legitimize Moon and his beliefs. What those who write for his publications say is secondary to the use Moon makes of their names and reputations.

Mr. Navrozov does not do right by Moon's theology. Moon and his followers do not believe he simply put to paper his theories, but rather that God revealed *the Divine Principle* to Moon and he revealed it to us. This aspect of heavenly protocol is shown by the lack of authorial claim in the book *The Divine Principle*. The idea is that the reader is to intuit that the book was written by God through Moon. I think we can all admit that none of the mortals to whom Mr. Navrozov refers claimed to be the Second Coming of Christ.

The motives of the Sulzbergers and the Grahams, in leading publicly held companies which produce two of the most influential newspapers in America, are not too difficult to understand. They owe too much to their parents and undoubtedly enjoy the prestige, the power, and the money that such status brings as they pursue a left-of-center agenda with large circulations and advertising revenues. But what of Moon's newspapers? The circulations are small; the advertising revenues meager; the financial statements are unknown; and the owner is a Korean citizen.

My brief article attempted to explain some of these matters in light of my experience with a wide variety of Moon's projects involving daily newspapers, science and media conferences, businesses, recruitment and indoctrination, and a host of other activities.

Perhaps a former member's motives in explaining Moon deserve a double look, but current members and those who currently benefit from Moon are not above some further consideration as well. In any case, Moon's purpose and methods surely deserve serious scrutiny.



SCREEN

Devil Trouble

by Sam Karnick

Prince of Darkness; directed by John Carpenter; screenplay by Martin Quatermass; Universal Pictures.

When they hear about *Prince of Darkness*, unsuspecting moviegoers may envision a thrilling story of the occult. Some person will probably release Satan from his underworld domain, either deliberately or unwittingly; the demon will run rampant over the globe for a short time, and finally be sent back—quite unwillingly, of course—to where he belongs.

In contemporary stories of Satanism and the occult, from *Rosemary's Baby* through *The Exorcist* to *The Witches of Eastwick*, Hollywood almost invariably treats the Evil One as a *personal* force, with a mind and will of his own. *Prince of Darkness*, however, marks a deviation from this tradition. The film opens quite intriguingly, with a priest (Donald Pleasance), a physicist (Victor Wong), and several brilliant graduate students (led by Jameson Parker) gathering together in an old church to investigate a bizarre phenomenon. In the basement of the church is a cylindrical, 10-foot tall glass chamber, filled with a green liquid, which writhes and roils sinisterly.

A cryptic manuscript provides some clues to the nature of this weird chamber and the mysterious substance. The manuscript, written by a group of monks over the course of hundreds of years, is in Hebrew, Latin, Greek, and other tongues, and, when translated by one of the scholars gathered in the church, suggests that the object in the basement is the jail in which Satan is being held. The manuscript frequently mentions "The Beast," and paraphrases passages from the prophecies of Isaiah and Daniel and the Book of

Revelations, including Rev. 20:2-3: "He laid hold of the dragon, that serpent of old, who is the Devil and Satan, and bound him for a thousand years; and he cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal on him, so that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years were finished."

In a conventional film of the demonic, this would set up the release of Satan from his bondage, providing a look into his personality and thereby an examination of the nature of evil, as in *The Omen*. But in *Prince of Darkness* Satan's "personality" turns out to be considerably different from the traditional Christian understanding of it. Further translation of the aforementioned manuscript reveals a decline in the influence of biblical prophecy and the substitution of something very different.

The manuscript characterizes "The Beast" not as a powerful being living in deliberate rebellion against God, but rather as a "negative force" found in all matter. Just as a positron is the negative counterpart of an electron, and an antiproton is the negative counterpart of a proton, so, says the film, the Prince of Darkness is to God. Neither force is personal or willful; each is found in all matter, and all matter is charged with spiritual power.

This is clearly not Christian theology, then, but rather "New Age" philosophy—the latest attempt in Western society to incorporate ideas from Eastern philosophy and the occult. Prominent aspects of the New Age movement are the interest in reincarnation; spirit channeling; the "power of positive thinking"; and the use of drugs, meditation, and hypnosis as "mind-expanding" experiences.

It's easy to see how the theology of *Prince of Darkness* fits into this scheme. The New Age declares that "All is One," that there is no death, that man is God, and that all matter is charged with spirituality. Similarly, we find the notion of Satan debased in this

film into a simple conception of the Yang to what we are to understand as God's Yin.

But while Shirley MacLaine's book and TV-film (*Out On a Limb*) have been presented as "one woman's personal odyssey," which the reader or viewer can accept or dismiss as he chooses, *Prince of Darkness* incorporates its New Age ideas into a fictional narrative which, in this biblically ignorant society, is very likely to confuse viewers. If the narrative were honest about its New Age ideas and didn't try to give them scriptural sanction, this uneasy mixture of biblical prophecy, the pseudoscientific ideas of Gurdjieff and his ilk, and the theology of George Lucas's *Star Wars* trilogy would be as unpalatable to orthodox Jews and Christians as it is to materialist atheists and agnostics.

The film is particularly offensive to Christians. The manuscript revealing the truth about the substance in the glass chamber posits Jesus Christ to have been an extraterrestrial, who presumably came to our planet to teach us how to defeat the negative force in all matter through the power of positive thinking. This, of course, is a fairly straightforward presentation of the New Age notion of "Christ consciousness," which sees Jesus not as mankind's personal Savior, but rather as one in a long line of great prophets, whose teachings are on a par with those of Confucius, Buddha, Muhammed, and the Reverend Sun Myung Moon. While the film's idea of Jesus will obviously not persuade an orthodox Christian, in the context of the film it could easily confuse those who are less firm in their beliefs.

In fact, the New Age ideas of *Prince of Darkness* are not only theologically deceptive, but also aesthetically bad. As Aristotle noted, drama is based on the choices the characters make—whether those characters are people, animals, angels, demons, or whatever. But in *Prince of Darkness* the characters make few choices of any importance, spend-

ing most of the film's last half merely scrambling to survive. It could hardly be otherwise, with the characters fighting a completely impersonal force about which they know very little. In fact, Satan never does achieve release from his prison, and all we ever actually see of him is half of his right arm protruding from a mirror.

Thus the film quickly devolves, after its clever beginning, into a typical John Carpenter production. Carpenter, while occasionally directing inventive action-adventure films like *Escape from New York* and *Big Trouble in Little China*, is best-known for *Halloween*, *The Fog*, and the 80's remake of Howard Hawks' *The Thing*. Like most of Carpenter's work, *Prince of Darkness* is liberally dosed with random violence and mayhem, including deaths by impalement and bludgeoning, a man's body consumed from within by insects, green slime spewing from people's mouths, and a woman whose body decays horribly while she still lives. In *Prince of Darkness* Carpenter again weds undeniable filmmaking talent with only the haziest sense of what ideas he wants it to express.

This bit of filmic mayhem would be of little interest if it weren't the first example of New Age thinking in a very popular genre, the horror film. If *Prince of Darkness* follows the usual release pattern of contemporary Hollywood films—which it almost certainly will—its short theatrical run will be

followed by a release on videocassette, a tour of the cable movie channels, and, finally, syndication to broadcast TV stations. By the time the film finishes its run, literally millions of people will have seen it, and have been exposed for perhaps the first time to an organized, fairly comprehensive introduction to New Age theology. For those who don't subscribe to the New Age movement, *Prince of Darkness* will be seen as the first shot across the bow. It probably won't be the last.

Sam Karnick is a screenwriter living in Madison, Wisconsin.

POP CULTURE

Phil Ochs and the Old Prof by R.A. Hill

Every student radical at Granada Hills High School showed up before first-period class on the morning of October 12, 1969—but we didn't stay long. Charged with excitement and righteousness, two dozen or so junior longhairs, freaks, yippies, and hippies formed a ragged line and marched past the classroom buildings, past the school gates, and onward to Northridge State College for the Moratorium. College students across the country were boycotting classes, gathering for demonstrations—Tricky Dicky had gone too far with his fascist-racist-imperialist bombing of Cambodia!—and we enlightened high-schoolers, straggling up Zelzah Avenue in the smoggy, already baking San Fernando Valley day, were determined to be a part of the grand protest.

Dave Barber, our official yippie, was towards the front, hair streaming behind him and wire-rimmed glasses sliding down his nose. Every few steps he broke into a crouch and pointed his plastic GI Joe burp gun at passing motorists. His manic grin and huge black pupils registered around 500 mikes of purple haze, tangerine flash, blue owls, or whatever LSD was going around that week. Sue Ronson, AKA Runaround Sue, swung along beside him in her finest beads, bells, and patches; a Marilyn Monroe in rags, a Gifted Students

Program dropout and former Jr. MEN-SA prodigy gone barefoot flower child. Behind them a few paces, John Newton frowned mightily. Newton dressed conservatively for this group—short hair, new jeans, desert boots, blue work shirt, black tie, and briefcase—but his credentials were impeccable: SDS member, little-red-book quoter, tireless Marx-reader, and mimeograph tract passer. He marched along, keeping his frown trained on Dave and Sue, studiously ignoring Stoney Andy Bordner's attempts to push a joint in his face.

"C'mon, man, take a toke, take a toke, what are you a narc or what?" Andy rasped nasally. He didn't know much about radical politics, Cambodia, or moratoriums, but he had the right attitude: his motto was "F--- the Pigs" and he never missed a party, even if he had to walk to it.

"Wow, man, how much longer? I'm thrashed, man; I hope this is a f---in' sit-in we're going to!"

The rest of us fell somewhere within these social parameters. Abbie Hoffman was Dave's god, and I'd gotten a kick out of Abbie's opus, *Revolution for the Hell of It*, myself. The summer before, I'd joined Dave in a few yippie guerrilla theater raids around town. As a novice socialist, I traded books with John; he'd turned me on to Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*, then "now that I've got your attention," a volume of essays by Herbert Marcuse. I also liked to party with Stoney Andy occasionally. And, like every other male in our crowd, I was in love with Sue.

We swept into the college, past the nervous stares of the campus police. This was It, I thought, righteous history going down: a coming together of the young enlightened, a harbinger of the peaceful counterculture revolution I was sure I would see before I was 25. The scene on the quad was all I'd hoped for: banners, booths, guitars, lots of petitions and mimeographed broadsides going around. I saw bikers, Chicanos, road hippies with little long-haired kids, Black Panthers, and Hare Krishnas. Up on stage a guy in a beret was screaming into a microphone; below him a lively mass shouted encouragement, shaking fists in the black power salute or "flashing the peace," with two fingers in a V sign.

Our high-school contingent began to disperse into the crowd. Dave start-

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ed rapping to some older guerrilla theater guys, and John moved to the front of the stage where he began to pull the latest Maoist communiqués from his briefcase. Andy found a group passing around a gallon of Red Mountain wine under a tree. Sue hung out with Dave for awhile, then walked over my way. A group of women came between us, chanting something about “peace, power, and sisterhood.” Sue marched up and down in place after they passed and sang:

March on,
March on,
March on Suffragettes!

“What’s that?” I said.

Sue smiled. “It’s from *Mary Poppins*.”

After awhile she wandered off. I saw Frank Ortiz passing out flyers in front of a booth marked “Chicano Student Union.” When I walked over, he nodded without smiling, then turned and started talking in Spanish with some other guys standing around. Frank was born in the valley and I’d never heard him speak anything but English before, even to his parents. I used to go over to his house all the time; he was a couple of years older and always our baseball team captain. He was married now to my friend Tim’s sister Mandie; they had a baby and lived at Tim’s folks’ house. Tim said that since Frank started college and got into this Chicano stuff, he’d really changed. “It’s like he just got here from Mexico all of a sudden, all this Spanish and ‘gringo imperialist’ stuff all the time. Mandie and Frank aren’t getting along too good.”

Since I couldn’t join the conversation, I walked over and sat down in front of the stage. A couple of local bands played, and The Committee to Resist the Draft did a symbolic card burning. Then a couple of professors talked about Vietnam and how it was simply a combination of venture capitalism and white racism.

I was drinking wine with Andy when Phil Ochs came on, the big name on the program. He’d played with Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, Pete Seeger—all my heroes. We all stood up to cheer as he sat down to tune his guitar. He seemed older than on his album covers; his body was soft and fleshy and his face was flushed, he was

sweating and he squinted out at us like he had a bad headache. I remember thinking that he looked a lot more like my Uncle Don the drunk than anyone in the audience. But he seemed to perk up once he started playing and singing. He had a high, whiny voice that made Bob Dylan sound like an opera star, but once you got used to it it was OK. He did “Small Circle of Friends” and a few of his other hits; then he introduced a brand new one, all about how we had to stop being passive, how we had to let go of the whole bourgeois, nonviolent protest scene and fight for the world revolution in progress. The chorus went:

You’re supporting Nixon
but I’m supporting Mao
and I’ve got something to
say here, sir,
and I’m gonna say it now!

Everyone cheered and John Newton looked happier than I’d ever seen him. Dave raised his toy gun and Andy hefted his bottle in salute. Ochs went off waving and it looked like the end of the show, but a couple of minutes later the yippie-looking guy who’d introduced everyone was at the microphone.

“Old Prof. Summers wants to turn us on to a few words,” he said, grinning. “So lets give him a b-i-i-i-g hand.” I didn’t know who Old Prof. Summers was, but I cheered along with everybody else. From the tongue-in-cheek intro, I thought he must be a comedy act—something on the order of General Waste-More-Land and General Hershey-Bar, two Unitarian church pastors who dressed in caricature uniforms and gave caricature promilitary speeches at all the peace festivals and love-ins. The old man who stepped up really did look like the perfect parody of an absentminded professor as he cleared his throat and fumbled with the microphone, and his voice seemed faint and wavery after Phil and the yippie.

“Mr. Ochs has said, ‘I’ve got something to say here, sir, and I’m going to say it now,’” he began. “Well, I have something to say to you, Mr. Ochs, and to all the good students in your audience.” I didn’t pay much attention at first. I was watching Sue; she was standing to the side of the edge of the stage, smoking a joint with some black dudes. I started to fade in as the old prof started talking about freedom; how only

in this country could a dissenter like Ochs have the freedom to speak his mind. Everybody fake-yawned and made snorting noises, but he went right on, his voice getting stronger all the time. He said he had been a socialist in his youth and a card-carrying communist in the 30’s, but he was a communist no longer. We gave a big fake cheer at this and Dave yelled “God bless J. Edgar Hoover!”

The old man waited until the laughter died down, then began to talk history, starting with the Revolution in the Soviet Union. According to him, socialism died in 1918; as soon as the Bolsheviks consolidated their power, they murdered all the socialists in Russia, and after that they liquidated all the liberals. He said that Hitler’s National Socialism was a natural outgrowth of Stalin’s Imperial Socialism, that Stalin had murdered 11 million of his own countrymen before Hitler even dreamed of the death camps. Stalin’s and Hitler’s joining forces to “rape Europe” in 1939 was what finally turned him away from the Communist Party in “shock and horror,” but he said that it should have been no surprise to him since they were both international gangsters hiding behind socialist rhetoric.

“And the modern, ‘reasonable’ socialists are no different,” he added. “For all their denouncements of Stalin, they share his voracious appetite for power.”

Dave and his friends gave him the Nazi salute and chanted “Seig heil! Seig heil,” but it didn’t slow the old man down. He got on “Mr. Ochs’s mentor, Mao Tse-tung,” and went on about how the “so-called agrarian reformer” had actually been a protégé of Stalin, and had passed his apprenticeship by killing hundreds of thousands of his people in religious and political purges at home and countless more in imperialist slaughter in Tibet and Korea. He pointed at posters of Castro and Ho Chi Mihn on the side of the stage. “Oh yes, I know all about those ‘heroes of the revolution.’” He almost spat the last word. “It is a sad comment on human nature that some Americans continue to idolize them even after it has become sickeningly clear that they are puppets of the communist butchers.”

He looked directly at a woman with a baby in a papoose backpack. She was holding a Ché Guevara picket. “My dear, are you aware that in Cuba today,

by written law, parents must teach their children to be absolutely loyal to the state, or the government may remove the child from the family?"

He got catcalls and vulgar noises for that one. I saw Phil Ochs standing at the edge of the stage, grinning into a paper cup.

"This war in Southeast Asia is part of the grand strategy of communist world domination. They make no secret of it. The communists are not gentle humanists, they do not share your desire for peace and love; they have declared a war against freedom and democracy, and, whether you know it or not, your activities here today are playing directly into their hands."

This was too much. We hooted, booed, and shook our posters at him. At least, most of us did. I was getting a strange kick out of the little old man facing everybody off; I hoped they'd let him go till he ran down.

But he was about done. "Most of you are intelligent young people," he said. "I challenge you, as thinkers, as intellectuals, as free people with open minds." He pointed at the professors who'd spoken before. "Read! Listen! Study history! Both sides, not just the dressed-up party line my quisling colleagues there would feed you! Take responsibility for your own education in these matters! If you do, you will discover in short order that the communist *modus operandi* is to offer a man with a bird in the hand two more birds in the bush. Those birds may be called equality, justice, peace—but as soon as the communist can convince a man to let go of his freedom, his bird in the hand, he rewards that man by enslaving him and devouring all three birds. This strategy has worked all too well in a short time over a large part of the globe. It will work here if you let it. God help you if you do."

The audience howled like a zoo. Some were booing and shaking their fists; some were laughing, chanting, or fake-cheering. The old man shuffled off stage. I saw John Newton had worked his way through the crowd to Phil Ochs; he was gesticulating at the professor's back and was obviously upset, almost crying. Ochs shook his head, smiled reassuringly, and with a grimace, killed whatever was in his cup.

Stoney Andy was passed out under a tree, snoring and smiling in his sleep.

Dave Barber and his friends started to dance around the quad; then they worked into the snake, a sort of conga line where everyone put their hands on the hips of the person in front and undulated through the scene. I didn't feel like joining them. On the way out I saw Sue on the back of a motorcycle. The guy driving was a huge biker with a "Straight Satans" stenciled on the back of his cut-off jean jacket and swastika tattoos covering his arms.

It's been 17 years, and I'm back at college. The little hippie babies I saw running through the booths and trampling the posters are older now than I was then. Some of them may be my classmates. Phil Ochs committed suicide in the early 70's, a victim, like Uncle Don, of the disease of alcoholism. Andy is married with two kids and works in a muffler factory; he goes to Dodger games and drinks a lot of beer. Sue hung out with bikers for a few years, then married a lawyer. She lives in a beautiful home with a nice view of the valley. Dave Barber went to college for a while, played in bands, drove a cab, got married, divorced, then went to computer school. He's a programmer now and visits his son on weekends. He still likes Abbie Hoffman and got as far as Death Valley in the big peace march last year. Frank Ortiz graduated from Northridge State and got a middle management civil service job through affirmative action. I lost track of John Newton. Maybe he's a college professor or an underground terrorist, or a volunteer in Nicaragua. Maybe he's a guru like Rennie Davis, a born-again Christian like Eldridge Cleaver, a talk-show host like Bobby Seale, or a stockbroker like Jerry Rubin. All I know is that nothing would surprise me.

It would make a neat ending to say that old Prof. Summers' talk changed my life instantly and led me to become a proud young American, but it didn't work out quite that way. I did begin to read beyond the underground press, but I remained a conforming nonconformist for the most part; I went with the flow, grew my hair past my shoulders, dropped in and out of junior college, registered Peace and Freedom party the year 18-year-olds got the vote. In '72 I passed petitions to limit then-governor Reagan's veto power over the board of regents. I remember feeling strangely embarrassed to discover that I didn't

have to explain my petition; all I had to do was say it was anti-Reagan to get a signature from 95 percent of the students at the colleges I canvassed.

I maintained a counterculture lifestyle for years, but more reading—and some firsthand experience—left me disillusioned with leftist politics and "Politically Correct" ideas. Self-styled revolutionaries began to seem hypocritical in their defensiveness about corruption in the movement and their determination to blame communist atrocities in Cambodia, Vietnam, and Africa on the ubiquitous "Imperialist Western War Mongers." Since when did our freedom-or-death counterculture have to make excuses for totalitarians?

The more I looked into the horrors being perpetrated in the name of socialism and revolution, the less I believed I would ever sit around a "Woodstock Nation" grokking with my Russian soul brothers while wooden ships sailed free and easy. But the alternative was just too weird—how could I align myself with old enemies, with Nixon, Ford, Carter, or (horrors!) Reagan? My solution was to hide out, to give up politics. They were all crooks, so to hell with them! I quit going back to junior college, quit listening to the mainstream news, quit reading the radical press. I worked as a manual laborer for several years and was pretty snobbish about it, but I never could kick the public library and typewriter habit. Reading, writing, and finally hay fever decided me against a permanent career as a self-educated lawnmower operator; at 28 I determined to go back to school and do it right this time, get my education without worrying about all the damn politics.

But my first day at UC Santa Cruz in 1984 shattered my apolitical stance and showed me that the idea of John Newton becoming a college professor for the establishment wasn't so farfetched. In his opening speech to a large audience of wide-eyed, mostly 18-year-olds, the senior professor of the education department (the program responsible for handing out elementary and secondary school teaching credentials) compared the US government to Nazi Germany, swore allegiance to the Sandinistas, and warned that if Reagan were reelected, "we will probably never see another election in this country." The kids ate it up; it was like a tent revival, complete

with whoops and spontaneous cheering.

I almost quit again, but that same professor telling me, in effect, that I could love UCSC or leave it brought out enough obstinacy to carry me through to an honors degree. I've moved around some since then; I've talked to students from many colleges and am currently doing graduate work at the University of Iowa, and I know that although UCSC is well known for being an ultra-leftist game preserve, their brand of classroom objectivity isn't unusual in the university of the 80's. Sixties radicalism seems to have gained respectability with age; it's fashionable nowadays to view the US as the worst example of racism, sexism, imperialism, and general nastiness that the world had ever seen. I've heard of a turn to conservatism on campus, but what I see mostly is bland, cautious, and what we would have considered "square" students spouting the leftist "Politically Correct" line—what was radical in the 60's has become safe status quo in the 80's.

As to my fellow veterans of 60's radicalism, they remind me more and more of what happened to John Lennon, one of my first heroes. He always denounced religion and capitalism as slavery and hypocrisy; yet toward the end of his life he couldn't get out of bed without consulting his astrologer, his Edgar Cayce Reader, and the I-Ching—not to mention his wife, business advisors, and assorted political sycophants. Like Lennon, many of my old friends seemed determined to jump from the frying pan into the fire: from adolescent chafing at a workable-if-not-perfect system into a bizarre, blind-faith alliance with the worst elements of the totalitarianism they profess to despise.

After years of straining to find good in socialist or "progressive" programs, some of us are finally beginning to separate rhetoric from reality. For my part, I finally came to believe that though our president may not be perfect and our system of government may have its faults, in comparison to that which is forced upon most of humanity these days, Reagan is another Gandhi and the United States is the real "workers' paradise" on earth.

But of course most of my classmates find that idea as absurd now as I thought it was in 1969. With all the boycotts, sit-ins, and committees-in-solidar-

ity - with - everyone - against - the - United - States, every day at UCSC—and most days at UI—bring a déjà vu from Moratorium '69, when Prof. Summers gave us hell. The old man is surely dead by now, but I still think of him when I read *Chronicles*, *National Review*, and *Reader's Digest*. I like to think his spirit is floating around somewhere and smiling down at me—even if I was a little slow.

R.A. Hill is a graduate student at the University of Iowa.

ART

Washington in Drag by Steve Marlin

After Harold Washington died, black leaders in Chicago almost immediately began the process of deification. Buttons started to appear, reading: "Hi God, How's Harold?"

The way I saw it, to make a god out of Harold Washington was sacrilegious. Then this ridiculous poster came out. It shows the Chicago skyline with Jesus on one side and Washington on the other, on the same level with Jesus. Jesus looks sad, but Harold is beaming down upon the city. The title of the poster is: "Worry Ye Not."

It was all a bit much, thought David Nelson, graduate student at the Art Institute of Chicago. Being an artist with a sense of the absurd, Nelson was able to act on his iconoclastic impulse. When the Art Institute held its annual juried competition of student artwork, Nelson's paintings included a depiction of Harold Washington in women's underwear (which he was rumored to be wearing when he was taken to the hospital). The title was "Mirth and Girth."

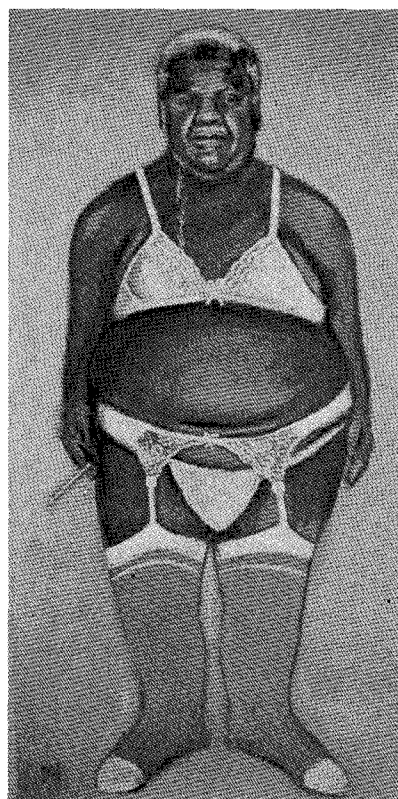
Inasmuch as the exhibition was not open to the public during the jurying period, after which the paintings would be removed, Nelson never expected a citywide ruckus. But no sooner had he begun to hang his paintings than a black school secretary approached him, demanding: "Who gave you the right to hang this painting?" Nelson made a perfunctory reply, while continuing to

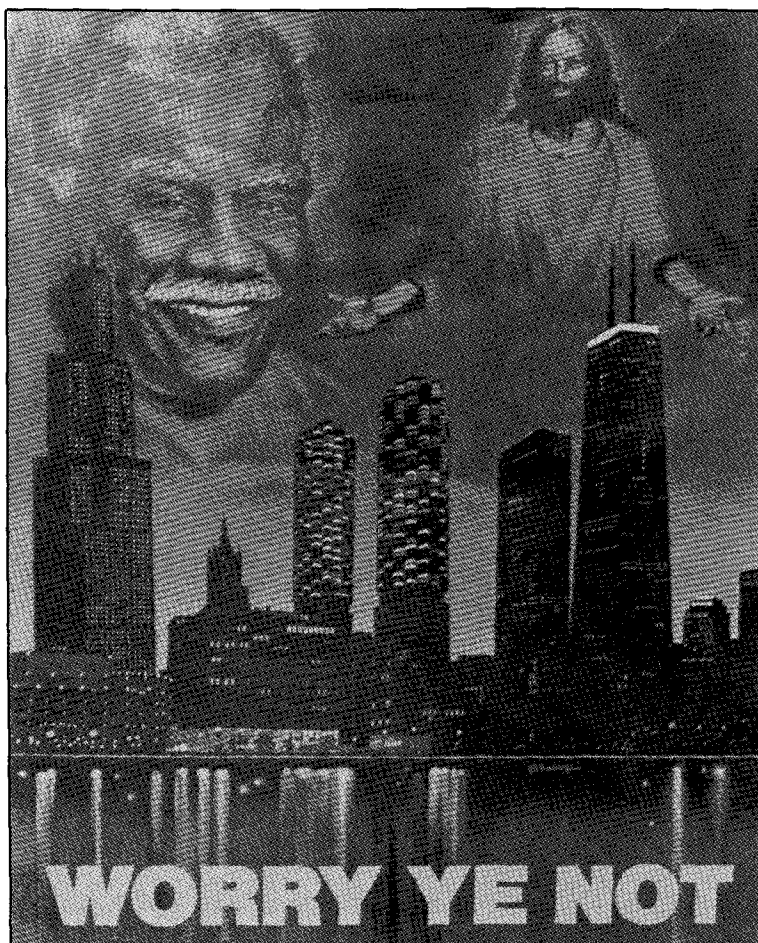
hang his paintings. The secretary hurried off.

The private graduate student exhibit was about to be transformed into a nationally televised event. Within hours, nine black aldermen charged onto the scene, accompanied by three policemen, two detectives, and an unspecified number of newspaper reporters and television crews. Ignoring protests from students, faculty, and school security guards, several aldermen forcibly removed the Washington painting from the wall and started to take it out of the building until they were stopped by school guards, who persuaded the politicians to take the painting to the school president's office.

During the two-hour meeting in President Jones' office the aldermen raised the threat of "serious disturbances and demonstrations" if the painting were to remain at the school. They first sought to destroy the painting, then urged the police to impound it as a threat to public order. Finally, the aldermen, with a police escort, carried the painting away through a gauntlet of protesting students and faculty.

The next day, Marshall Field V, president of the Art Institute's board of trustees, lawyers, and school represen-





tatives met at city hall with Acting Mayor Eugene Sawyer and 11 of the aldermen. The board capitulated and placed full page ads (at the Art Institute's expense) in the *Chicago Tribune*, *Chicago Sun-Times*, and in the (black) *Chicago Defender*, apologizing for "the distress and concern that the painting caused the community." Field swallowed an added affront by agreeing with the aldermen's demands that the school should hire more black administrators and enroll more black students. In a candid statement, Jones acknowledged: "When the aldermen say there will be marches on the Institute and bombings, I absolutely believe them. We didn't come out of it terribly well . . . It was frightening. I haven't been in anything like this before. When you introduce that racial element it takes a much meaner and ferocious tone."

Predictably, the mob was not appeased. On May 13, two days after the secretary had sounded the alarm, "One Hundred Pastors for Peace and

Tranquility in Our City" assembled at Operation PUSH headquarters. The Rev. Willie Barrow, executive director of PUSH, vowed to impose unspecified "sanctions" against the Art Institute unless it adopted a review policy to prevent offensive portraits from being exhibited by its students or contributing artists. Her statement also demanded a written apology to the family of Mayor Harold Washington and to members of the city council.

"We will not tolerate that picture hanging on the wall, Constitution or no Constitution," declared Alderman Allan Streeter, a leader of the raid on the art school. Asked on John Callaway's public television show, *Chicago Tonight*, "What was your idea of due process?" Streeter replied, "Take it [the painting] down. The law of decency transcends the First Amendment." He then rose to more rarified heights: "We, as a race of people, should not allow others to determine who our leaders will be, who we're going to discipline, who we're going to re-

move." At this, Northwestern University Professor Daniel Polsby burst out: "For heaven's sake, alderman, think about what you're saying! It shouldn't be necessary for a white man to talk to a black man about mob rule. That's not American."

Other Chicago liberals were equally upset. Harvey Grossman, legal adviser for the American Civil Liberties Union, announced that a civil suit for damages would be filed against the Chicago Police Department for violating Nelson's freedom of speech and for illegal search and seizure. (Six weeks later, the ACLU narrowed its focus to three of the leading aldermanic invaders and unnamed police officers; it sued for \$100,000.)

Prominent Art Institute fundraisers had their hackles raised. Bob Bergman: "I had visions of Nazi storm troopers, the way the aldermen marched into the school." Camille Oliver Hoffman: "This is fascist. We are going to drive all our artists to New York—or Europe." Claudia Luebbers: "They can come into your office if they don't like the poster on your wall."

Some white aldermen seemed to agree. "Harold Washington has become so sacrosanct," said Richard Mell (33rd Ward, northwest Chicago). "Those aldermen were not authorized to go down there and seize the painting," but "they were playing to their black constituents." Kathy Osterman (48th Ward, north side of Chicago) went further: "It was outrageous. They suspended the rules and stopped important Council business. . . . They made a mockery of the affair."

Most responsible black leaders were reluctant to discuss the matter. John H. Johnson, publisher of *Jet* and *Ebony* magazines, refused to comment on the Washington painting affair, although he is known to be a generous contributor to the Art Institute. Alderman Anna Langford, who previously had stood up against claimants to Mayor Washington's presumed legacy, also refused comment. Leroy Thomas, editor of the *Chicago Defender*, had this to say: "I don't feel that I can make an objective comment. I naturally live by freedom of the press, but I don't believe in abusing it. I'm not saying that the student [David Nelson] intended to create all that publicity, but that's what happened."

When asked to comment on Nelson's view that Washington is being deified, Thomas was more direct, replying sharply, "That's *his* view." But not only his: in funeral orations for Harold Washington, Jesse Jackson likened him to Jesus, as did Ernest Byfield, Washington's chief of staff: subsequently, Alderman Streeter described his former leader as "godlike."

And the artist? "Of course I knew that the painting was likely to provoke some anger and controversy. . . . But I had no idea it would go beyond the private bounds of the school. When I saw all that stuff happen—the media, the aldermen, the police, the commotion, the bomb threats—I have to admit my stomach was turning over."

Not long before the Nelson episode, another Chicago area art exhibit had featured obscene portrayals of the Holy Family. As offensive as the paintings were to the Christian majority in the city, nothing could be done about them. But there are some religions you can't make fun of, as David Nelson learned, the hard way.

Steve Marlin writes from Chicago.

The Other Pasternak

by *Andrei Navrozov*

Sir Ernst Gombrich, for one, is glad to hear the news. The eminent art historian stands in the modestly furnished drawing room of his Hampstead house, leafing through his copy of Leonid Pasternak's memoirs, recently published in England. The book's publication had attracted the attention of the Smithsonian Institution, and the first retrospective of the painter's work in the United States is being organized under its auspices. I had just spent several days in Oxford with the artist's family; my briefcase bulging with books, papers, and notes I was able to bring back with me to London, I call on Dr. Gombrich in the hope that he might help me organize some of my own inchoate thoughts. The suburban stillness of this vine-covered house is conducive to introspection. "Beautiful," he says, not looking up from the illustrated volume, "a good painter."

I tell Dr. Gombrich that the Smith-

sonian newsletter detailing the plans for the traveling exhibition, which will originate in Washington, DC and span the artist's career with some 60 works in all media, describes Leonid Pasternak as "a Russian Impressionist." He winces, glancing at the wall opposite; two tiny Dutch landscapes return his glance. "Impressionist? No," he says quickly, adding pensively, as an afterthought: "But then—who is?"

As Mrs. Gombrich enters the room with some tea for us, he continues: "Historians of art, like most historians, have never recovered from reading all that Pliny. They see in history the bare forms of innovation and revolution, of progress and discovery, all in a kind of sterile continuum. When they see the work of a painter, they need to understand his part in the process; they ask, 'What did he invent?' They cannot say, for instance, that this Russian painter 'invented' or 'perfected' what they call Impressionism, but they can say that he introduced it into Russia, like the steam engine or the telephone, and so we have a new label, 'Russian Impressionist,' and their work is done." It is getting late, and we say our goodbyes. Sir Ernst wishes me luck with my article.

On a luminous afternoon in the spring of 1893, members of The Wanderers, a group of painters which dominated *fin de siècle* Russian art, were busy hanging their regular exhibition at the Moscow School of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. Amid the noise that usually accompanies such last-minute preparations—the muttering of workmen, the prying-open of crates, the voices of the artists themselves—a man in his early 30's was looking intently at one of the pictures already in place. Shyly, he gave his "Debutante" one last look and was about to leave, when suddenly there was commotion at the entrance. A hush fell over the workmen and artists alike, and the motley crowd—as if visited by the Inspector General in the final scene of Gogol's play—was perfectly still. The visitor entered, and as he began looking at the hanging pictures it seemed to the young man that his eyes "drilled holes in the air." The young man's excitement, like the feeling of awe that had hushed his older colleagues moments earlier, was understandable, for the visitor was in fact the inspector general of Russian culture, emerging with it

from the twilight of the 19th century and entering a borderless spiritual sphere which many of us inhabit to this very day. The visitor was Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy, and there he stood, slightly apart from the crowd of onlookers, before one of the pictures. "This," said one of the exhibition's organizers, "is 'The Debutante' by Pasternak, a young painter of ours . . ." He had not finished the sentence before Count Tolstoy interrupted: "Yes, yes. I know the name." Years later, Pasternak would remember in his memoirs:

I gasped like a condemned man who suddenly learns of his pardon. Overwhelmed by delight and embarrassment, I hardly knew where to put myself. "In that case, allow me to introduce you to the painter himself. He is here," said Savitsky; immediately the circle of people opened and I found myself in front of Tolstoy, who looked charming and radiant. I stood there helpless with confusion, and I remember the warmth and tenderness of his large fatherly hand as it shook mine. He said something agreeable to me, but I was so excited by the thought that Tolstoy was giving me his attention, and I felt so ashamed and awkward, especially in front of my elder colleagues, that I could not make out his individual words. It was something to do with the fact that he knew my *Letter From Home* and my drawings.

Speaking objectively, there was good reason for Tolstoy to have heard of Leonid Pasternak. Born in 1862, in the port city of Odessa, he had attended the Munich Royal Academy of Arts before coming to Moscow in 1889 where he married the young but already famous concert pianist Rosalia Kafman; that same year, a painting of his, entitled "Letter From Home" and chosen to be included in The Wanderers' annual exhibition, was purchased by Tretyakov for his private collection, a collection so important that, after 1917, it would be preserved intact at the State Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow. For a 27-year-old



Asya and Olya, 1903.

painter, this was a triumphant beginning.

As fate would have it, at the time of his acquaintance with Tolstoy, Leonid Pasternak was working on an album of watercolor drawings to *War and Peace* commissioned by *The North*, a popular illustrated magazine, to be used as a promotional supplement for its subscribers. Other artists asked to contribute to the album included Vereshchagin and Repin, perhaps the best-known “names” of the day, and the offer could not have been more flattering. The fortuitous meeting at *The Wanderers’* preview led to Pasternak’s visit to Tolstoy’s house in Khamovniki, in Moscow, and the writer was thrilled to see scenes from his novel come to life—in his opinion, for the first time since its publication. As Pasternak later remembered, Tolstoy had never approved of illustrations for the various editions of *War and Peace* sent to him by publishers because “they all looked like battle sketches.” Tolstoy’s enthusiasm for Pasternak’s contribution to *The North* album was the beginning of a relationship which lasted until the writer’s death. How important that relationship was to the young artist is clear from the following passage in his memoirs:

If I were in the habit of keeping a diary, I would have written the following—doubtless in

great excitement—towards the evening of 28 October 1898.

“Tatyana Lvovna has just been. She informed me that Lev Nikolayevich has written a new story. He requests me to go to Yasnaya Polyana to get to know the contents, and wants to ask me if I will undertake the illustrations.” I hardly dared to believe this good fortune. It can’t be! Lev Nikolayevich! Lev Nikolayevich himself inviting me to illustrate his new work! Terrifying! It took my breath away. God help me!

The “story” which Tolstoy asked Pasternak to illustrate was the novel *Resurrection*; of all of Tolstoy’s works, this one was to cause the most controversy. Even before publication, it became known that the author had arranged to have all proceeds from the book’s sale turned over to a persecuted religious sect, the Dukhobors, in order to finance their emigration from Russia to Canada. To raise the most money, the novel was to appear in serial form throughout Europe and in the United States, with the French magazine *Illustration* taking the lead. It was by *Illustration* that Pasternak’s first drawings for the novel’s opening chapters were formally commissioned, and although the magazine subsequently reneged on the deal for fear of scandalizing the “young ladies among our subscribers,” within months the reading public the world over was being introduced to Pasternak’s work.

While Tolstoy was writing *Resurrection*—his first novel after his famous vow never to have anything more to do with *belles-lettres*—and sending it to the many publishers in weekly installments, Pasternak became an artist-in-residence at Yasnaya Polyana, the Tolstoy family estate near Tula. This period had an enormous influence on the painter and—for obvious reasons—on his career. When the novel cleared the censors and began to be serialized in Russia in the influential magazine *Niva*, Pasternak’s name became a household word among the burgeoning intelligentsia of the early 1900’s.

In the years that followed, Pasternak’s work sustained and expanded the reputation he had acquired as

Tolstoy’s favorite illustrator. In 1901 he became one of the founders of the Thirty-Six, a group of artists which many of the Wanderers joined; in 1903, he cofounded the Union of Russian Artists (URA), which was to become an important stabilizing influence on the art world of the following decade, shaken by the explosions of European modernism. Pasternak’s group was wary of the speed with which “experimental” French painting was inundating the world and Russia specifically; through their exhibitions and classes (Pasternak began teaching at the Moscow School of Painting, affiliated with the Petersburg Academy of Art, which under the leadership of Prince Lvov gained much influence), they sought to define a direction in art which the world would recognize as genuinely Russian.

Apart from the extreme parochialism and modesty of spiritual means that characterized the 19th-century Russian art upon which many of URA’s members were compelled to draw in their search for the native idiom, the task before Pasternak and his friends was made more difficult by the emergence of the World of Art, a group of artists and writers who published an influential, richly illustrated literary journal by the same name. The rival group was founded in Petersburg by Diaghilev, who would later achieve world fame for his productions of the Ballet Russe. The World of Art’s art world view was much more complete and unified, its aesthetics easier to promote and export, and in a matter of a few years the West came to know the face of Russian art, an art of red firebirds and yellow samovars, of gay boyars and sad petrushkas, the splendid, decorative, wild style that quickly swept the world and still fascinates it today. Such was the achievement of Diaghilev; to be sure, the world of art he gently ruled over was brimming with genuine talent, drawing into its domains men of genius like Chagall and Stravinsky; but the success of the World of Art—and of the European avant-garde, which welcomed it as the only significant, genuinely Russian artistic phenomenon—cast a shadow over the URA. Weighed down by the “musty Realist” reputations of their “elder statesmen” drawn from the ranks of the Wanderers, without a

brilliant promoter like Diaghilev or a successful critical organ like *The World of Art*, their Union existed in name only; each would be, for good or ill, the master of his own fate.

Pasternak's fortunes were favorable ever since his early association with Tolstoy (even the most avant-garde world-of-artists could but tremble at the mention of that name). In the years following their acquaintance, Pasternak's own home, on Volkhonka Street near the Pushkin Museum, became something of a Tolstoyan salon. It was here, and at the family's country house, that Pasternak entertained—and sketched—the artists, writers, poets, and musicians whose names are essential to any record of European culture before the Second World War. Rubinstein and Rimsky-Korsakov, Rachmaninov and Scriabin, Wanda Landowska and Fyodor Chaliapin, Rainer Maria Rilke and Lev Tolstoy—all were drawn by Pasternak from nature, and, later, often painted by him; taken together, these portraits alone should ensure his place among the painters of our century. One of his portraits of Tolstoy, now in the Louvre, captures the man he idolized in a moment of dejection; the sitting man's body seems free of any stress, his aristocratic bearing has all the grace of a young cadet resting between dances; yet the man is old, and the light of the lamp which avoids his face and spares its features seems frozen. This is the Tolstoy of *Father Sergius*, Tolstoy as the man he thought would never be understood.

During those happy Moscow years, the Pasternaks' four children were growing up in that remarkable home. Although she had given up the concert career, which made her famous throughout Europe by age 20, to devote her time to the family, Rosa Pasternak continued teaching at the Moscow Conservatory and practicing several hours a day; Scriabin and Rachmaninov, frequent guests at the Pasternaks', often brought their latest work for her to play. The oldest child in the family would later date the beginning of his conscious life from one evening in November 1894, when he was awakened by the sounds of Tchaikovsky's new piano trio; his mother, assisted by two of her colleagues from the Conservatory, was

performing it for Tolstoy and several other guests in the next room. Tchaikovsky titled the work "On the Death of a Great Artist."

The child was four years old. His name was Boris.

There is a mews of Georgian houses in the heart of Oxford called Park Town; in one of these, No. 20, Leonid Pasternak spent his last years following the death of his wife, after a prolonged illness, in 1939. Rosalia's illness, and the need for special medical treatment, compelled Leonid to accompany her to Berlin in 1921. In Berlin, Pasternak was recognized—as he had been in Moscow—as one of the foremost portrait painters of the age; the critical acclaim his exhibitions received, he recalled, "surpassed all my expectations." By the late 30's, however, the political situation in Germany began to deteriorate rapidly, and the Pasternaks left for England to join their daughter who had married an Englishman and settled in Oxford. Lydia Pasternak Slater, 84, still lives in the Park Town house; her sister Josephine Pasternak (who was married to a distant relative of Leonid's with the same family name), 86, lives nearby in Oxford. They, and the six children they have between them, are the heirs to the Pasternak family heritage in the West, while the children of their two brothers, Boris and Alexander, remain in Russia.

My conversations with the two sisters reminded me that the story of the Pasternak family is a story of reputations. I have known the poetry of Boris Pasternak by heart since the age of eight, and to this day I believe that all of Russian culture is but a preface to his words.

Let us free words anew,
As our garden lets—
its amber rind,
Both careless and kind,
A few, a few, a few.

His first "words" appeared in print just before the First World War, when the Pasternak home was still the idyll it had always been. Josephine remembers her brother reading his poems by her bedside; by then he had abandoned music, his first love, which the genius of his parents' friend Scriabin inspired him to pursue. The events of 1917 ("Our land is all smudged by the lightning," he

wrote in a poem that year) put an unambiguous end to that idyll, and shortly afterward the family itself was scattered (the last time Boris saw his parents was during a visit to Berlin in 1923). The poet remained in Moscow and continued to write and publish poems so fresh, bold, and lasting that by the early 1930's his verse occupied a place in Russian literature which invites comparison with Shakespeare's in English. The mention of Shakespeare is more than a well-meaning attention grabber; like Shakespeare, Boris Pasternak was able to transform the existing poetic vocabulary and expand the language of poetry with the superhuman, elemental force of his gift. Alexander Pushkin is often credited with creating the literary Russian language we use today; if this is indeed the case, and the place of the "Russian Shakespeare" is permanently reserved by Pushkin, I can only say that the English equivalent of Boris Pasternak has not yet existed.

In 1934, the Soviet regime disbanded the last of the remaining independent writers' associations and closed down their publishing affiliates. As Stalin's terror was nearing its height, writers were being organized by the state into a "union," membership in which was, of course, compulsory. By that time, Pasternak's reputation was established, and the Soviets accepted it for what it was; what is remarkable, however, is the extent to which the regime's ideologues saw Pasternak's poetry as "constructive." The child of a happy family, Pasternak saw mostly the good in a world around him that was being plunged into terror and misery; such was the nature of his joyful genius, and the Soviets were free to interpret his joy as approval of their regime. Besides, the Pasternaks' family tradition was largely apolitical, so there was little in the poet's private life that could lead them to revise their wishful interpretation.

Despite the regime's benevolence, Pasternak stopped writing. In a private letter he wrote in 1953, he recalled his state of mind:

At that time I was nineteen years younger, Mayakovsky had not yet been deified, they kept making a fuss of me and sending me on foreign trips, I could have written any filth or

trash and they would have published it; I was not in fact suffering from any disease, but I was constantly unhappy and was pining away like a fairy-tale hero under the spell of an evil spirit. I wanted to write something honest and genuine in honor of the society which was so kind to me, but this would only have been possible if I had been willing to write something false. It was an insoluble problem like squaring the circle, and I was thrashing around in an uncertainty of intention which clouded every horizon and blocked every road.

The spiritual paralysis of the man who described himself in his odd position as “thrice-decorated wizard-consultant for poetry” did not pass unnoticed by the regime; the rulers’ displeasure was akin to the embarrassment of a host who wants to show off to his guests a prize songbird which at that moment becomes obstinate in its silence. The suicides of Vladimir Mayakovsky, in 1930, and Marina Tsvetayeva, in 1941,

the two figures closest to Pasternak in poetic temperament, against the background of Stalin’s purges and show trials, punctuated that silence—and there was nothing anyone could do about it, not even the poet himself.

When the prize songbird resumed its song, the world came to know it as *The Poems of Yuri Zhivago*. Objectively speaking—and on this important point I have the agreement of his sister Josephine—the poems of *Doctor Zhivago* are as far from the early work of this supreme genius of Russian poetry as *Wellington’s Victory* is from the Beethoven we know. The songster had lost his voice.

The *succès de scandale* of the novel to which the Zhivago poems were appended and the award of the Nobel Prize to its author two years before his death in 1960 forever changed the delicate balance of talent and reputation in the Pasternak family. By then the world had forgotten the father; now it would idolize the son, but for all the wrong reasons—and, what is even worse in the sisters’ view, make the task of restoring their father’s reputation as a great artist that much more difficult.

“Pasternak?” museum curators would ask, “Is he related to Boris Pasternak?” As labels go, even “Russian Impressionist” somehow seems more appropriate.

My uncle, who knew Boris Pasternak well in his later years, liked to tell of a visitor who came to see the poet on the day of the Nobel announcement. Sticking his head through the half-open door, Pasternak giggled: “Someone’s got the Nobel, ni-ni, ni-ni-ni!” It is ludicrous to believe that a man so open and unpretentious could ever be concerned about his “reputation,” and this openness is clearly a Pasternak family trait. Both Lydia and Josephine, as well as their children—all of whom, incidentally, bear a striking physical resemblance to Boris—say they are not in the least bit concerned about “public opinion,” even though both are equally firm in their efforts to rectify public misconceptions and misjudgments of the two family “sons,” Leonid and Boris. How adamant they are in their views is evidenced by a passage in Josephine’s introduction to the Penguin edition of Boris Pasternak’s novella *The Last Summer*. “True,” she writes, after the Nobel award,

there was enough genuine recognition and scholarly appreciation too, but it was constantly being drowned by the unbearable buzz of the loudest and cheapest of professional bluebottles, whose aim in life it is to convince the public of the myth that it appreciates only filth, money-talk, and scandal, and accordingly to feed it nothing else. How much all this hullabaloo must have hurt and astonished Pasternak is easy to understand if one remembers his own views on fame . . .

Whatever the family view of fame, Josephine and her two children, Charles Pasternak and Helen Pasternak Ramsey, do seem to have a realistic conception of the process by which an artist’s reputation may be brought in accord with his achievement. Both sisters realize that a poet’s output is not so much a physical as a metaphysical reality once his works have been published, while a painter’s *oeuvre* exists only on canvas and paper—and must be pre-



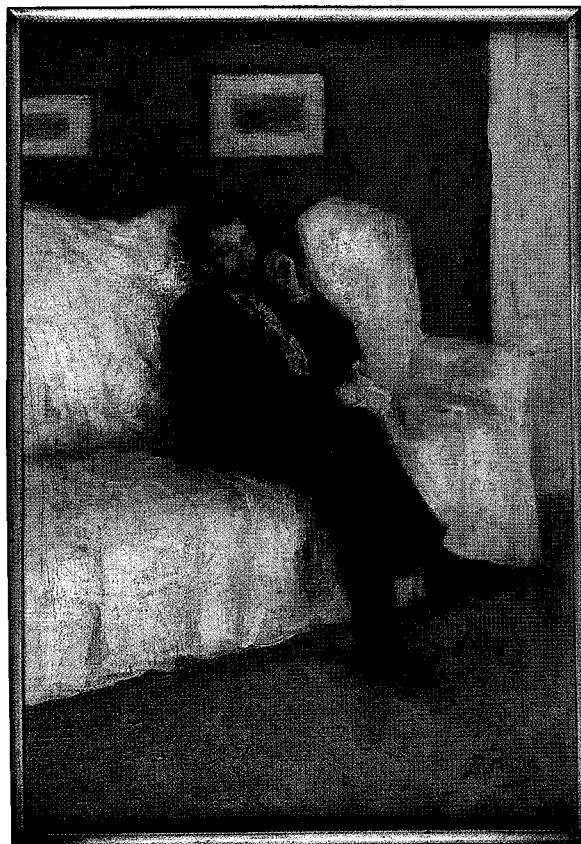
Leonid Pasternak’s daughter Josephine Pasternak at home in Oxford, England.

served, maintained, and exhibited to continue its existence—yet Lydia and Josephine disagree on the methods by which Leonid's heritage is to be perpetuated. Lydia envisions a Pasternak family museum in Park Town, to which all the heirs would donate their shares of the collection, run by her daughter Ann and Ann's husband, the poet Craig Raine. Josephine soberly describes her sister's plan as a pipedream and favors selling some of the paintings to established private collectors. Lydia sees this rival plan as mercantile and outrageous—despite the fact that it was just such an acquisition that started Pasternak on the way to fame in 1888 when Tretyakov bought his "Letter From Home." With good reason, Josephine believes that today's collectors—a few among them, at any rate—are as discriminating and powerful as Tretyakov was in his own day, and their "mercantile" attention is the best way of restoring Leonid Pasternak to the ranks of the known.

It is difficult to argue with these Pasternak women. Both write poetry (although, in this writer's opinion, only Josephine's approaches her brother's genius), both have a strong and original perspective on Russian culture and history, both have witnessed firsthand the rise and fall of men and civiliza-

tions. They love each other like sisters and, like sisters, they quarrel—most often, about the world's capricious judgments and the ways of appealing them for posterity. Despite these differences, their efforts have not been in vain. In 1958, a memorial retrospective was organized by the Ashmolean Museum; another, also in Oxford, took place in the winter of 1982, three years after a retrospective exhibition at the State Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow. The last exhibition's critical success, and the English publication of Leonid's memoirs, paved the way for this year's Smithsonian show, and both sisters now hope that, in some way, their differences will be ameliorated by the American reception of the retrospective—and that a future course of action they and their children can all agree on will somehow be charted. Along with them, we can only hope that the wicked Diaghilevian firebird of recognition can be captured for Leonid Pasternak by the Smithsonian, and that—if it cannot look deeper into the nature of things—the world will at least know this artist as a Russian Impressionist who was the father of Boris.

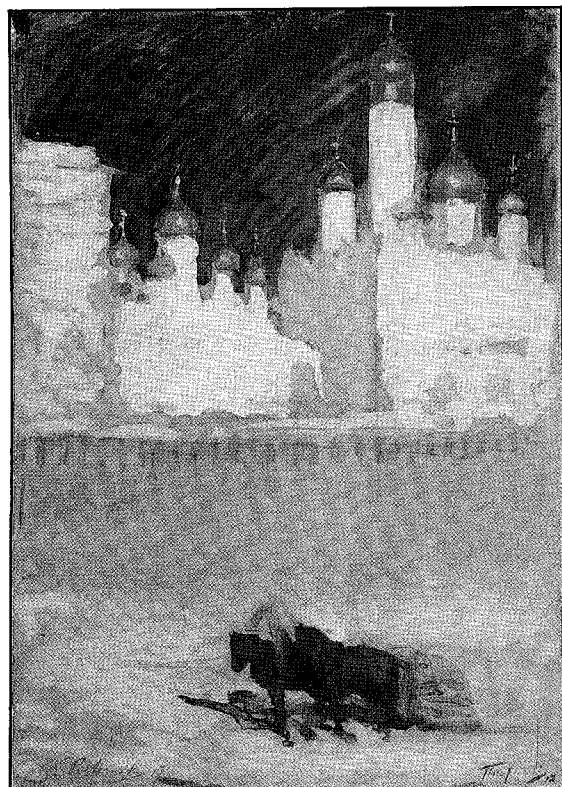
Andrei Navrozov is poetry editor of Chronicles.



Dr. Joseph Kaufmann, 1897.



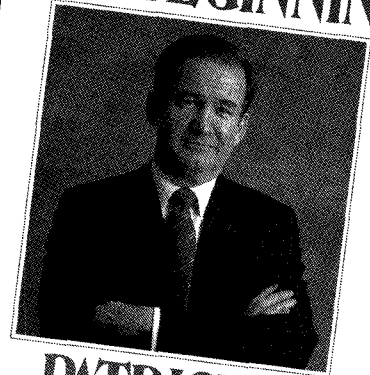
Two Women Seated by the Black Sea, 1896.



Winter View of the Kremlin, 1917.

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